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THE  
OPPORTUNITIE  
COMEDY.

As it was presented by her  
Majesties Servants, at the private  
House in Drury Lane.

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Written by JAMES SHIRLEY.

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Printed for Andrew Crooke, and are to be sold  
at the Castle Gate in Dublin. 1640.

Aurelio a Gentleman coming as a stranger to Urbia  
 Disauro his companion  
 Pimponio his man  
 Lucio a Gentleman of Urbia  
 Pietro an other Gentleman of Urbia  
 Julio an other met them  
 Borgia one of the gentlemen meeting Aurelio speaks  
 Mercurio father to Borgia  
 Conelia Sister to Borgia  
 Virimi favourite to the Duke deceased  
 Ascanio a boy in the inn  
 Gruffy the Host  
 Ferrara ambassador in shew really Duke of Ferrara  
 Laura ~~two~~ Ladies at Court  
 Melinda  
 Dutches of Urbia



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 at the Castle Gate in Dublin &c.



  
TO MY TR VLY NOBLE,  
And my ever honored Friend,  
Captaine Richard Owen.

SIR,

**H**is Poeme, at my retorne with you, from  
another Kingdome (wherein I enjoyd, as  
your employments would permit, the happi-  
nesse of your knowledge, and conversa-  
tion) emergent from the Presse, and prepar'd to seeke  
entertainment abroad, I tooke boldnesse thus farre to  
direct to your name and acceptance; promised by my  
confidence in your love to Poetrie, wherein your cleare  
judgement and excellent abilitie would at first have  
made mee lesse adventurous. Be pleas'd till time  
mature a worthy satisfaction to your favours, to smile  
upon this tender of my gratitude, and while your ser-  
vices call you hence to enlarge your honour, by mak-  
ing your faith and valour more exemplary against a  
rebellious enemy, let me preserve a peace at home,  
in the contemplation of your friendship, and be happy  
to professe my selfe

Your humble Servant  
and Honoror,

IA. SMIRLEY.



# TO MY TRULY NOBLE, The Actors Names.

Capitaine Richard Owen

**Aurelio.**

**Pisauro.**

**Pimponio.**

**Lucio.**

**Pietro.**

**Julia.**

**Mercutio.**

**Dutcheffe and Ladies.**

**Ferrara.**

**Erfini.**

**Cornelia.**

**Melinda.**

**Laura.**

**Borgia.**

**Ascanio a Boy.**

**Alca.**

**Grutty.**

Your humble servant

and Honorable

JA. SHIRLEY.

# THE OPPORTUNITIE.

## Act 1. Scene 1.

*Enter Aurelio, Pifagora, and Pimpinell.*

*Aur.*



**E**xpect me an howre hence, my friend and I  
Will walke and see the Citie, make le your  
Care to get Supper ready.

*Pim.* If I doe not  
I know who's like to fare the worse.

*Au.* And be not

Drunke Sirra at our returne.

*Pim.* Yes I doe use

To be drunke before you often.

*Au.* About your businesse:

And how dost like the towne, and situation.

*Pif.* Trouble me not to answer such dull questions,

I see nere a handsome girle yet, not a peece

Of a *bona roba*, and the Dutcheffe hold

But the complexion of those we ha seene,

I wonot be corrupted with the pallace

To be her bed-fellow.

*Au.* You'l change opinion;

Perhaps we ha seene none but the rubbish, yet



*The Opportunitie.*

There may be beauties signior will tempe  
Your most fastidious appetite, I feare  
I shall have much adoe to flave thee from 'em,

*Pis.* To quit that feare lets leave the Citie instantly;  
The meale wonot digest women, I cate int.  
Not flave me from em;

We are for the warres;  
This towne will turne my blood, I wonot give  
A *Isle* for my courage in twelve houres,  
Vnlesse they lie their women up.

*An.* Thou hast,  
A minde to shew thou canst be satyre, patience  
But till to morrow and wee'l hence.

*Enter Lucio.*

*Luc.* Sir, let my heart present your welcome home,  
Y'ave beene too long a stranger, I am happy  
To imbrace you agen.

*An.* Me, meaning me, dee know me?

*Luc.* I hope you are not jealous of my friendship,  
I thought our familiaritie desire  
The sad misfortune came that made you banish  
Your selfe from *Urbis* had possesst you thoroughly,  
How firme I dare be to you.

*Pis.* Doe you know him?

*An.* Dost thou know him? I nere saw his eyes before  
To my best memory, are you not mistaken.

*Luc.* Perhaps in your affection which no art  
Hath ever made me guiltie to deserve,  
I never did betray my friend to make you  
Affect these passions, but he is so.

*An.* There is  
But one halfe hower added to our ages  
Since first we saw the Cite.

*Lu.* In good time.  
I will be bold to acquaint some bawd else  
In whom you have more faith.

*Exit.*

*An.* What Riddle's this.

*Pis.* Is not the Gentleman o'th to sides one wits?

What.

*The Opportunitie.*

What did he call you,

*An.* Nay I know not, he said we had beene familiar, in his dreame sure,  
For waking I nere saw him,

*Pis.* You should have ask'd his name.

*An.* To what purpose prithée.

*Enter Pietro.*

Why does that Gentleman stare upon us so.

*Pie.* Are you return'd, this is confidence:  
You may repent.

*An.* Save you signior.

*Pie.* And you too.

*Pis.* Dee meane both ons?

*Pie.* One has some neede, you're welcome Signior to  
*Urbino.*

*An.* Thanke you, what's your name I pray.

*Pie.* If you ha forgot mine, I remember *Borgia*.  
A friend of yours, desires but to renew  
Acquaintance we'e.

*An.* What friend? *Pie.* You will heare more.

*Pis.* I gges, shall I after him and knocke  
Him o're the pate.

*An.* For what?

*Pis.* For looking on's  
So scurvily.

*An.* That may be dangerous,  
Did he not name *Borgia*.

*Pis.* But whether  
He meant himsele or you I understand not.

*An.* He might as well ha cald me *Bethlem Gabor*;  
Lets walke on still.

*Enter Julio.*

*In.* Ha *Borgia*, tis he, my noble friend returnd,  
Welcome, a thousand welcomes in thy bosome;  
Why doe you weare this strangenesse in your face,  
Can a few yeares render me lost to *Borgia*.

*An.* Sure he does call me *Borgia*. *In.* Thou wert  
Ynkinde in thy departure, with what devotion

*The Opportunist.* 17

Could I have been a partner in thy travel,  
And have unequall fortune, being absent  
Why was not I summoned to wait upon thee  
In any part o' th world, but againe welcome,  
When arriv'd yee.

*An.* I am very likesome body,  
They all mistake me thus, we ha scene no friends since.

*In.* Is this Gentleman?

*An.* One deare in my acquaintance.

*In.* I am your servant, thy unexpected sight  
Will glad *Mercurius* heart, your noble father  
Who hath long mourn'd your absence.

*Pis.* Good old man,  
He will rejoyce to see him here no doubt on't.

*An.* Remember my fathers name.

*In.* You have lost an Vncle, but all his estate  
Your Father is posses of.

*An.* Dead! *In.* His age  
Was fit for heaven, his wealth is added to  
Your fathers to make yours the greater fortune.

*Pis.* Take it upon you. *An.* Pardon noble friend,  
I was perswaded time and absence had  
Wrought such a change upon my face, that no man  
Would know me agen, but tho I may to some  
Appare a stranger, I must stand discover'd  
To a friends penetrating eye, agen  
Possess your faithfull servant, whats my name.

*In.* Deare *Borgia*.

*Pis.* *Borgia* I must remember you.

*In.* Shall I waite on you to your father Sir.

*An.* What were I best to doe.

*In.* Your sisters growne a gallant gentlewoman,  
The onely beautie of *Urbis*, and waits on  
The Dutchesse, her soft lips will seale your welcome.

*Pis.* A handsome gentlewoman, goe.

*An.* He does but jeast, they are all witches here.

*Pis.* No more Iceres.

Go or be lame for ever.

*An.*



*The Opportuniste*

*An.* Is she growne  
Worthy that house you expresse, and has  
The Dutchesse taken her to grace.

*In.* Tis more then whisper'd,  
The favorite loves her.

*An.* Who. *In.* He that was cause  
Of your remove *Ursini*.

*An.* Cry you mercy,  
I know him well enough; but does he love her?

*In.* Tis rumord so ith court.

*Pis.* You will be tripping,  
Your owne heeles up.

*An.* I hope my sisters honest. *In.* Who *Cornelia*?

*An.* Remember that name too.

*Pis.* Let me alone  
To remember her, *Cornelia* for more  
Securitie, Ile put her in my table booke.

*In.* There is no Lady in the preserves  
A clearer fame, as modest as spees faire,  
And so ingenious.

*Pis.* I would excuse  
Her modestie, but she may be converted  
In time; tho sturdy Oake we know, and so forth.

*Enter Mercutio, Lucio*

*An.* You speake a welcome Character.

*In.* Your father  
It seemes his willing care hath catchd the newes  
Of your arive.

*Pis.* Kneele downe. *An.* See if he first knows me,  
Tis a wise father now knowes his owne child.

*Mer.* My dearest *Borgia*, comfort of my age.  
My joy of soule, a fathers prayers and blessing  
Make thee a happy man, my eyes must speake  
Part of my joy in teares, welcome from *Naples*.

*An.* Your pardon Sir  
That thus I steale upon you, I woud hope  
My sister---

*Pi.* *Cornelia*.

*The Opportunitie.*

*Au.* *Cornelia* is in health.

*Mer.* And will be a glad soule to imbrace her brother

*Au.* Your pardon Sir that I seem'd strange to you.

*Lu.* 'Tis recompence now that you please to owne me.

*Mer.* *Julio* an honest gentleman, and one  
That loves us *Borgia*.

*Au.* I heare my Vncle  
Has left us---

*Pi.* A good estate, ther's the lesse cause  
To mourne for him.

*Au.* We must all tread that path,  
Here is a friend of mine to whose trust and favour  
I have beene much engag'd.

*Mer.* Sir what I want  
In language, Ile supply with other welcome,  
Please you to honour my poore wife.

*Pis.* The service  
Of my unworthy life is yours, command it,  
I woud you had another handsome daughter.

*Mer.* I presume you were presented a glad object  
To *Lucio*, your affections grew from children.

*Au.* To *Lucio* we carry but one heart.

*Pis.* Doe not forget his name now.

*Mer.* But my sonne  
We dwell to long thus publique, let us perfect

*Enter Pietro.*

Our ceremony at home, *Pietro* our  
One of the favorits creatures.

*Pie.* 'Tis the Dutcheffe,  
Command *Mercutio* you waite upon her  
Presently at Court, and bring young *Borgia*  
Along wee to expect her graces pleasure. *Exit.*

*Mer.* We must obey.

*Au.* What makes your countenance change Sir?

*Mer.* My feares poore *Borgia* for thee.

*Au.* For me.

*Pis.* Howes that? his feares?

*Mer.* While my ag'd armes are in,

*The Opportunitie.*

A loving contention to embrace thee,  
I wish thee from hence this ground betrayd thee,  
Embarke agen, the Seas have usd thee kindly,  
Trust them agen, or any land but this:  
This will undoe us both, the joy of seeing thee  
Made me forget thy danger,

*An.* Danger Sir,

What have I done, to call these feares upon you?

*Pis.* Take heede, be wise, I know not what to thinke on't

*Mer.* What hast done saist, nothing to dishonour thee,  
Thou kildst him fairely.

*Pis.* Kild I thinke; you were best  
Be *Aurelio* agen, and leave your sister  
But Ile fish out the circumstance, walke melancholy.

*An.* Prithee doe.

*Pis.* Although your sonne has pleas'd  
To call me friend, I finde he has reserv'd  
Something he woud not credit to my bosome;  
I have observ'd his trouble, but unwilling  
By moving questions to renew his sufferings:  
If my particular knowledge of his fate  
May be no prejudice, tho it be without  
My verge to serve him, I can willingly  
Share in their griefe that love him.

*Mer.* You speake nobly,  
Twas his misfortune Sir provok'd to kill  
A Gentleman, brother to *Vrsini*, who  
Was favorite to the Duke deceased, and now  
Grac'd by the Dutcheffe, by whose power he may  
Command him dead, these summons I suspect;  
But take my counsell *Borgia*, and deceive  
His expectation of revenge, once more  
He bids thee flie; would slay thee in his heart,  
Let me runne their displeasure.

*An.* Not for me Sir,  
I am resolv'd, 'tis better dye at home,  
Then wast my life an exile, Ile to Court wee.

*Pis.* Y<sup>e</sup> are not mad.

*An.*



*The Opportunitie.*

*An.* Thou art a foole, cannot I cast  
 Borgia skin off what I please, I must  
 See my faire sister at a minuts warning,  
 Thou art evidence for me, father I waite you,  
 My sisters there you say doe not doubt me;  
 At worst, Ile have a tricke to keepe my head on  
 Come friend and Gentlemen.

*In.* We attend. *Exe.*

*Enter Dutchesse, Ursini, Cornelia, Melinda, Lontia.*

*Du.* You have prevail'd *Ursini* yet we thought  
 Of all men living you would least have beene  
 A sutor for his pardon, but tis sign'd  
 He owes you for his life.

*Urs.* Your mercy rather,  
 I have consider'd madam I did lose  
 A brother, whose repaire I shall not finde  
 Now in anothers blood, the Gentleman  
 Hath suffer'd, though not what the Lawes determine  
 Many yeares pennance, so severe, perhaps  
 That he is come by offering himselfe now  
 A sacrifice to your justice, to prevent  
 A death more killing, still to live a stranger  
 To his owne friends and country.

*Du.* If your charitie  
 Extend so farre, the rest we have dispenc'd with,  
 He is return'd for certaine, he is either  
 Wearie of life, or master of a confidence  
 That might have beene his ruine.

*Urs.* This will make  
 Your art of mercy shine the brighter Madam.

*Du.* It will, but let me aske you good my Lord,  
 Does this proceede out of a cleare forgiveness  
 Time I allow may qualifie the thought  
 Of our revenge, and something else of pittie  
 May so take off the roughnesse of our soules  
 That we may have a noble charitie  
 To our enemy, but has your end no mixture  
 Of something else, that may advance a hope

To

*The Opportunitie.*

To satisfie desire some other way?  
No turne to profit or delight? be plaine;  
For I must know your brest.

*Vrs.* You shall see through me,  
I dare not weare a thought lesse than transparent,  
I love his sister Madam, faire *Cornelia*  
With those intents become me, in that flame  
I sacrifice all thoughts that wound her brother  
And with no happier satisfaction,  
And by that charme of her consent to love  
My brother is redevivd in *Borgia*.

*Dut.* Y're brieft, yet plaine; how point *Cornelia's*  
Affections.

*Vrs.* I have wooed her but in complement,  
And tho there may be sonnes to admit  
My services, I finde she is all obedience  
To her father, whom the apprehension  
Of his sonnes fortune may have indispos'd  
To a present reconciliation.

*Dut.* This one act  
Will make him kinde, and forme him to your wishes.

*Vrs.* If they might have the happinesse to be  
Propounded by your highnesse to *Mercutio*,  
I prophesie successe, pardon great Madam,  
If after all your princely favors I  
Begge this with many blushes, love is grac'd  
By dwelling on your breath.

*Dut.* *Ursini* since  
The Duke dyed you have found no losse in our  
Esteeme, to his ashes I have paid that dutie  
To grace whom he affected, and be confident  
We shall not deny this, is he not come yet?

*Vrs.* He will attend your grace——who waits!

*Enter Pietro.*

*Pie.* Signior *Mercutio*  
Expects your graces pleasure, with him his sonne  
*Borgia*

*Cor.* My brother. *Dut.* Tho we pardon him

C

We

*The Opportunitie.*

We must put on a brow of some displeasure  
And chide his fault, he may be encourag'd else  
To a second insolence.

*Urf.* Gently I beseech you,  
There may be a punishment within your eye  
To kill him, and so make the benefit  
Is meant him, of no vertue, or to himselfe,  
Or my designe.

*Dut.* How is the name of gentleman  
Dishonor'd by such desperate undertakings;  
That more then guiltie of humane blood, doe kill  
Even Charity.

*Enter Mercutio, Borgia, Pisano.*

*Urf.* Th'are admitted.

*Dut.* Is that he?

We sent for you *Mercutio* to tell you  
How much you owe to good *Urfino* love,  
At whose earnest sollicit we have sign'd  
Young *Borgia* pardon, if you examine well;  
You will have cause to place him in the first  
Rank of your friends.

*Mer.* Shall I beleeve my eyes,  
My understanding? how is *Mercutio* blest?  
Looke boy the pardon, heaven reward thy charities,  
My Lord for saving one, command the lives  
Of all our family, thou soule of honour;  
Looke *Borgia*.

*Pis.* What de'e meane  
Kneele to the Dutchesse, and acknowledge.

*Bor.* What.

*Pis.* A pardon for your life.

*Bor.* I am lost here

*Pisano*, an excellent creature.

*Pis.* You'l spoile all,  
Shee's yet your sister, I doe like her too;  
Kneele for your pardon, and you may choose your gallows  
In time, wood I were hanged on no worse peece  
Of timber, how nimble would I climbe the Ladder,

Ha



*The Opportunitie.*

Ha you no sense? humble your knees to thanke  
Her highnesse and that gentleman.

*Du.* Why does  
That fellow kneele *Ursini*.

*Urs.* 'Tis Signior *Borgia*,  
His heart is full of thanks.

*Du.* I looke not for em,  
What doe I feele? command him rise;

*Urs.* Deare Madam.  
Looke calme upon him.

*Pis.* Shee'l reverse the pardon.

*Cor.* Are you my brother Sir?

*Bo.* As sure as you are my sister, do you doubt me?

*Cor.* How now *Cornelia*, pray excuse me brother,  
My joy to see you safe doth halfe transport me.

*Du.* *Mercutio*.

*Pis.* I am converted now,  
And doe beleve there are some handsome women;  
Young Gentleman, not too much, too much at once.  
Remember y're her brother, he is taken.

*Mer.* Your grace is pleas'd to enlarge my happinesse;  
My daughter is much honor'd, but I must  
Beseech your Lordship to allow we may  
In such a cause as this, enquire her judgement,  
And since by th bounty of your highnesse, I  
Have a sonne now, whose joy may be concern'd in't;  
I would not willingly conclude her marriage  
Without his voyce too.

*Urs.* I am confident  
To incline his favour, since she has declar'd  
Herselfe no enemy.

*Du.* *Cornelia*.

*Urs.* Sir I have a suite to you.

*Bo.* You have deserv'd  
My life, which ought to waste it selfe in service.

*Urs.* I am an honorer of your faire sister,  
It rests in you to perfect my ambition.  
And make her mine.

*The Opportunitie.*

**Bo.** How do you meane my Lord.

**Pis.** Now hee's put toot, she is *Urbins* mistresse.

As he is *Borgia*, he can have no

Pretence to oppose him, if he discover.

And be *Aurelio* agen, he destroyes all

Hope for himselfe, for I perceive hee's taken with her,

I know by the motion of his nose, which pants

Like the Bellowes of an Organ.

**Urf.** Sir your fathers

Voyce speakes in yours, you now command my destinie

If you will make me happy.

**Bo.** Noble Sir,

I am sorry where such infinite merits plead

I have no power to serve your noble wishes,

And keepe the honour of a gentleman.

**Urf.** Your family I take it can receive

No stain by my alliance.

**Bo.** Twere a blessing.

**Pis.** How will he come off?

**Bo.** Mistake not I beseech you,

I have already engaged my selfe to a Gentleman.

Of a noble house in *Millan*, one *Aurelio*

*Andreozzi*.

**Pis.** Thats himselfe.

**Bo.** Who on the sight of

Her picture which I gave him, courted me

To wooe the substance for him, promising

To follow me in person, being one

To whom I had many obligations

In the *Millan* Court, I paund the credit

Of a gentleman, to assist his faire desires,

If in few dayes he come to *Urbis*, but

I am confident his young affections

Which had no other life but what a dead

Representation could infuse, will soone

Vanish agen, and leave me to be serviceable

In what you will command me, and be sure

I will not racke your patience to much length.

**If.**

*The Opportunist.*

If in few dayes he appeare not, I will thinke  
My promise disoblige, and direct all  
My abilities to make your wishes prosper:  
It will become my gratitude.

*Urs.* You speake nobly.

*Bo.* The pleasures of the Court will so abate  
His thoughts this way, that I presume your Lordship  
Will soone be master of that amorous province  
You ayme at, and much honour your poore servant.

*Urs.* Let this confirme, I am yours.

*Pis.* So so, this was indifferently well carried, I was jealous  
Of a more lame come off.

*Urs.* Adde this one

To your other princely favours Madam, and  
Admit this gentleman to kisse your hand.

*Dus.* Without much suite my heart would have conveyd  
That to my lip, a very handsome gentleman.

*Cor.* What sayd the Dutchesse? doe not her eyes fix  
Upon my brother? how now *Cornelia*,  
I am his sister; yet I had  
No acquaintance with this turbulent passions  
When I last saw him.

*Mer.* What does her highnesse meane,  
She speakes to *Ursini*, but her eye directs  
Some language this way, *Borgia* dost observe?

*Bo.* And wonder, but I see nothing in her eyes  
To be afraid of.

*Pis.* If the Dutchesse should be in love with him  
Here were a purchase, I doe verily  
Beleeve here will be an end of all our warres,  
If he have but the grace to march upon  
This service and charge home: smiles, smiles upon him;  
Well *Aurelio Andreozzi*, tis very possible  
You may meete with your match if he mount her,  
He bring a Ladder to his sisters fort  
And then the town's our owne, she calls him to her.

*Mer.* *Cornelia*, canst thou interpret this?

*Cor.* Her grace is very pleasant, good good heart.



*The Opportunitie.*

**Bē patient.**

*Pis.* She plaies with him good better,

I, is your spirit up my nimble Dutchesse?

Would I had the conjuring of it downe; *Vrsini*

Lookes like a whelpe had lost his taile alreadie.

*Vrs.* I was jealous she would chide and frowne upon him,

praid her be gentle, and looke calme, Ist come

To this?

*Du.* *Vrsini*, I have thought how to supply

That place of Secretary that is vacant, see

That *Borgia* be sworne, we apprehend

His fitnesse.

*Vrs.* Madam.

*Du.* I hope this will please you

*Vrsini*, we can grace whom you present;

He is more gentleman than to forget

How for your sake we honor him, I shall

Betray too much of women, *Borgia*

Attend us; come *Cornelia*, *Vrsini*,

*Mercutio*, make the Court not so much stranger.

*Exeunt.*

*Bo.* Ile follow: what dost thinke of this *Pisaura*.

*Pis.* I thinke the Dutchesse loves thee, and make use on't,

Lose no applications, that's her Secretary.

A degree to more inward indecements,

If she doe love thee, and —

*Bo.* What prethce?

*Pis.* Shee knowes best

What appetite she has, let me counsell thee,

Be not modest, we are made

*Bo.* What?

*Pis.* Thy father a Count, thou a Duke, *Vrsini*

A Coxcombe, I a fine gentleman, and one

That would be glad of the worst of your

New female acquaintances.

*Bo.* There are no faces here.

*Pis.* Be not you a Tyrant, Ile doe penance

In a white sheete with thy sister for't.

*Exeunt.*

*Actus*

*The Opportunitie.*

*Actus Secundus.*

*Enter Pimponio.*

*Pim.* **N**O Signior *Aurelio* come yet? No master to be heard on, he is a fine Gentleman to use his Squire o' this fashion; where should he be, hee commanded me not to bee drunke, he is drunke, and drunke and dead drunke, hee would have had the grace to reele home to his lodging before this time of night else: let me see, what if the flesh have led him a ro side? He is false into some brake, some wench has eyed him by the legges, and nothing else can excuse him to me; yet now I thinke on't, he does forget *Pimponio*, he was not wont to be his owne purveyor, my art for the choice of his Pullin, has beene allow'd if he doe get and so forth an excuse for Physicke, and come home founderd, the disease was none of my choosing, it came not through my office; stay, what if my Signior be dead? umph? dead? my heart misgives, they may be kild, my master has the spirit of fighting in him, and his companion is the Divell at it, an aglet hole or two in their hearts, and in a strange place, my Signiors, are never mist, tis so; if he bee dead — bring forth the Port-Mantue.

*Enter Ascanio, a Boy.*

*Asc.* Sir?

*Pim.* Bring forth my Port-mantue my deminutive knave, and tell thy father I would speake with him, he is dead, he would not have trusted me so long with his mony else, now will I make my selfe his heire, desie the world and *Aurelios* Ghost; but first of all I must outface mine host, so let me examine; very good lynnings, bagge and baggage, you are mine owne,

*Enter Asca.*

Thy father call him hither.

*As.* He is comming Sir, tis very late.

*Pim.* Never too late to tell money, fetch me a brace of gen-  
nets I will mount em, a Covey of Curtisians; stay *Pimponio*,  
be not mad before thy time, who shall I say I am? a Prince at least,  
I have it;

*Enter Grutty.*

Here

*The Opportunitie.*

Here comes mine Host.

Gr. What would this fellow have, no newes of your master?

Pim. Speake that word no more on thy allegiance, here goe to bed and rise with a cleane shirt.

Gr. This is gold, what does the fellow meane?

Pim. No fellowes neither, tis time to shew my selfe, where is thy boy?

As. Here Signior.

Pim. Kneele downe and aske me blessing.

As. This does looke a blessing, shall I aske another?

Pim. Aske any thing but what I am.

As. You are——

Pim. Stay there, tis dangerous to pronounce me yet, I will be still disguisd, my men are absent.

As. Your men.

Pim. Thou art wise, thine care, I am a Prince.

Gr. How Signior.

Pim. The reason of my shape thou shalt know hereafter, thus Iove has beene disguisd.

As. Is not your name *Pimponio*?

Pim. It was my pleasure they should call me so, I have not found 'em trustie.

How fares the Dutchesse?

As. What doe I heare?

Pim. This boy shall waite on me, Ile have yee all.

Gr. Whether?

Pim. What Countrey shall I choose? to be a Prince of *Italy* is too well knowne, *Spaine* stands convenient, and far enough, where I have beene too, Ile have you all to *Spaine*.

As. What to doe Signior?

Pim. For your preferments, when thou hast got a chapman for this tub thou liv'st in, let me know't.

Gr. Boy this a *Spanish* Prince.

As. A Prince of Oranges, he a *Spanish* Prince?

Pim. They wonnot travell thither to disprove me, to tell the truth, I suspect my two Groomes have betrayd me; I come hither to be a suitor to your Dutchesse.

As. In these cloathes?

Pim.



# The Opportunists

*Pim.* You doe not know my plot, these Gentlemen my servants should cunningly have prefer'd mee to be the Dutchesse Foole.

*Gr.* Her Foole? tis very likely.

*Pim.* But for a time, there's mystery in that. By this meanes I resolv'd to try her nature And disposition ere I married her, For I can have at this present foure Kings daughters, the eldest of 'em is but seven years old, which she was the parents dote upon me, and woud make sure of me betimes.

*Gr.* I doe beleieve your grace.

*Pim.* Grace, umph, thou must be advanc'd, let me see, what office, oh, thou shalt have a place at my returne in the Gallies, dost heare, a yerking preferment.

*As.* And what shall I bee?

*Pim.* Thou shalt be — a *Picaro*, in your language a Page, my chiefe *Picaro*; by degrees you may send for all your generation, I will see them mounted.

*Enter Pisauro.*

*Pis.* Where's *Pimponio*.

*Pim.* A pox Pimpe you, they are alive agen, now am I a dead

*Pis.* There is a certaine moveable ecclip'd a Port-mantue.

*Pim.* Woud your tongue had beene clip'd.

*Pis.* Wherein there are some golden friends of ours.

*Pim.* All your friends are well.

*Pis.* Let me see their complexions, where are they? looke for the Signior your master a moneth hence?

*As.* His master, de'e observe?

*Pim.* Does hee not carry it handsomely, hee knowes not I have discovered my selfe to you.

*As.* With your pardon Sir, is not this Signior a Prince disc-

*Pis.* A Prince of Puppets, who *Pimponio*?

*As.* And you one of his servants, to whom with Your other fellow cal'd Signior *Aurelio*, His person stands discover'd, he came hither To court our Dutchesse, he has promis'd us At his returne to *Spaine* to make us *Grandees*.

*Pis.* Has he betrayd himselfe, nay then my dutie

*The Opportunitie.*

If please your excellence. *Pim.* Away, away.

*Pis.* A Prince cannot be hid tho under mountaines,  
But my deere Prince, the bagges must goe with me  
While you keepe state ith lone.

*Pim.* Who shall maintaine.

*Pis.* If I did thinke thou wouldst carry it hanfomly—  
Well, Ile excuse thee to thy master, here  
When thou hast domineerd away this bagge  
Thou maist heare more; keepe thine owne counsell, and  
Thy master shannot owne thee, if thou hast  
Any sagary, drinke, and indulge thy *Genius*;  
Ile see thee agen before thy raigne be out,  
No words but be a prince, and scorne to know us  
And so I take leave of your excellence.

*Pim.* I shannot know my selfe, am not I a Prince  
Indeed, that have beene long conceald? this is a bagge  
And full of golden friends, unaph, however I will  
Spend it like an Emperour, these are not robes  
Fit for a Prince I take it, *Grutti*, boy  
I entertaine you both my Groome and Page, and  
Say unto you, Snakes goe cast your coates,  
Here's earnest for new skins, when things are ripe  
We will to Court.

*Gr.* What thinkes your grace of going to bed

*Pim.* I am too sober, let the whole house be drunke first;  
I will please us well to see the servants gamboll, we purpose  
To be drunke our selves in state too:  
Let me have fiftie strumpets.

*Gr.* Fiftie trumpets.

*Pim.* Strumpets I say, they I make the greater noise.

*As.* Your grace will be a *Hercules*.

*Pim.* I will, and thou shalt be Captaine of the *Pigmies* under  
me, this roome's too narrow, beate downe the walls on both  
sides, advance your lights and call the Country in, if there be a  
Taylor amongst 'em he shall first take measure of my highnesse,  
for I must not longer walke in *Quirpo*.

*Both.* We attend your excellence.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Julio and Lucio.*

*Lu.* I'me lost i'th wonder *Julio*.

*In.*

*The Opportunitie.*

*In.* A strange turne  
From that could temper we imagin'd  
In her Highnesse.

*Lu.* I have heard of charmes and philters.

*In.* If travell have these glorious effects  
He abroad too.

*Lu.* He has a handsome person.

*In.* And discourses grant it.

*Lu.* Is master of a noble soule.

*In.* Soule, nay let that alone, Ladies doe not looke  
After the soule so much, the body will serve their  
Turne, so it be nimble, and at their devotion,  
If you observe, he is grac'd by all the Ladies  
As if he were their generall minion,  
I doe not like his sisters eyes upon him,  
They whirle too much and seem'd to shoot an envie  
Vpon the Dutchesse favors.

*Lu.* I am confident  
Thou hast no murmer in thy thoughts against him.

*In.* I but expresse my wonder,  
In that I thinke the whole Court had a share:  
He knowes I love him, twill become his feare  
How to secure *Ursini*.

*Lu.* He preferd him  
First to her highnesse.

*In.* Not with expectation  
To be supplanted, I make question  
If the humor hold, whether shee may not marry him,  
That's a round higher then her favorite:  
Had hope to climbe.

*Lu.* Although I honour *Borgia*  
And wish him heartily advanc'd, I woud not  
Kneele to him, my voyce is for *Ferrara*  
He is a Prince, I woud not for my state  
This shod breake off his treatie.

*In.* Thy Embassador  
his master, he is scarce minded.

*Lu.* Come she cannot,



*The Opportuniste.*

Fall so low, the passion is too violent  
To last—who are these?

*Enter Ursini  
and Ferrara.*

*In.* The Embassadour and *Ursini*, whats the matter?  
I feare some discontent.

*Urs.* My Lord let me  
Prevaile so farre, I hope you imagine I  
Am firme to you, I have more cause to be  
Impatient, my whole strength at Court's concernd,  
But have more noble thoughts then to suspect  
You can be slighted, thinke its but a dreame  
In justice to your cause, and royall matter  
Put on no face of discontent, returne  
And see how things will close.

*Fer.* 'Tis an affront  
Bove satisfaction, but the disgrace  
Reflects beyond my person.

*Urs.* Had she studied  
Honours to his ambition, it had  
Not wrong'd her prudence, to have shewne you more  
Respect.

*Fer.* But I was not considerable;  
The young Gentleman had taken up her eyes,  
Her tongue, her feete, her understanding too,  
I might have wither'd in my seate, no beame,  
No discourse this way, but that once she was pleas'd  
To aske me how I lik'd the gallants dancing,  
He not disturbe her revels. *Urs.* Yet my Lord  
Have so much fortitude, 'twill be a meanes  
If you returne, to make her finde her errour  
To your person, were she not my Princeesse,  
I should professe my selfe ashamed, but come  
Let me beseech you to goe backe, leave not  
The presence so, for your owne honour Sir  
Observe a little more, I hope you shannot  
Repent my counsell.

*Fer.* I woud ye woud excuse me,  
I shall but vex my eyes.

*Urs.* Expect a change.

*Fer.*

*The Opportuniste.*

*Fer.* You have power with me my Lord.

*Urf.* You honour me.

*Ju.* What will become of this, what thinke you now?

They doe resent it, and for ought I heare

Have little hope to mend it.

*Lu.* Can she be

In love so soone, well *Borgia*, if this

Hold, Ile applaud thy fate.

*In.* For after this

Allowance, hee'l be Duke of *Orino* to morrow,

Give thee joy bully, let me see if he

Turne Prince, tis best for us turne beggers.

*Lu.* Beggers?

*In.* Court beggers, Hee'l deny us nothing,

Now for some witty knave to finde out suits,

I must keepe some in pension for that purpose,

They are profitable verminae,

His companion.

*Pis.* Save you Gentlemen, what de'e meane?

Why stand yee bare?

*Lu.* In being *Borgia* friend

It will become us.

*In.* He knowes no title yet,

But chiefe secretary to her highnesse, what honours

Are in her brest laid up for him, we know not

He has a mounting fate, and in his we

Pronounce you happy.

*Pis.* We shall all be Princes

In time; but Gentlemen lets be more familiar

We thinke so well of things, does he preserve

The Dutchesse smile, or does she use to make

At some time o' the Moone sport with her subjects.

*In.* You are wide all the heaven Sir, had you come

A little sooner you had heard discourse.

To cleare your doubt, hee's here himsele.

*Bo. Pisano,*

What will become on's, tis as thou saist?

*Pis.* What prethee?

*The Opportunitie.*

*Bo.* The Dutcheffe is mad.

*Pis.* How!

*Bo.* Why she is certainly in love, that in and for  
How I am us'd, and yet I now come forth  
To recover breath, I ha danc'd my selfe to a jellie,  
The Ladies ha no mercy, but the Dutcheffe

*Pis.* What prethee.

*Bo.* Is as I told thee mad, I prethee counsell me.  
Altho her grace be pleas'd to shew me favors  
I were boldnesse to beleve, and thanke her.

*Pis.* How?

*Bo.* I hope thou art not mad.

*Bo.* I know not whether

The fit will last, I may hold some proportion  
With *Cornelia*, my suppos'd sister, she  
Poore wretch does cast such speaking eyes upon me  
As she were jealous of the Dutcheffe too,  
And wrings me by the hand when I dance with her.

*Enter Pietro.*

*Pie.* The Dutcheffe Sir calls for you.

*Bo.* I attend;

What were I best to doe?

*Pis.* Dost make a question

Lose not the fortune that's presented in  
The Dutcheffe love, thy starres ordaind thee for her;  
He make a shift with *Cornelia*, looke high  
And prosper, when th'art a Duke, I say no more

*Bo.* What shall's doe with *Pimponio*? that foole  
May betray all.

*Pis.* He is a Prince before you

I ha made him sure, and swolne him into a pride,  
He shall not know you, but of that hereafter,  
Away and please the Dutcheffe.

*Enter Dutcheffe, Ladies, Ferrara, Ursini.*

*Bo.* Your graces pardon?

*Du.* 'Tis late, good night my Lord Embassador.

*Exit.*

*Fer.* 'Tis well I am bid goodnight, yet all my hopes  
Vanish in mists, what thinke you now cosin?

*Pis.*



*The Opportunist.*

*Urf.* I know not what to thinke, let me waite on you  
To your lodgings.

*Fer.* They joyne toth' Court.

*Urf.* 'Tis the lesse service.

*Fer.* To morrow morning if I may be honor'd  
With your presence, I will impart a secret to you,  
And be happy in your Counsell.

*Urf.* I obey  
Any commands.

*Fer.* For this time give me pardon, goodnight my Lord. Ex.

*Urf.* A happy night to your Lordship,  
After so many yeares spent in the Court,  
I am to learne the trickes on't, these are actions  
Gainst my first rules, I am ignorant  
Of this new Court philosophy, what should  
The Dutchesse meane, so prodigall of her graces  
To one she scarce remembers, with such open  
Neglect to th' Dukes Ambassador? I was carefull  
She woud not use him kindly enough, wert not  
Affection to his sister, lyes up my  
Revenge, I de drop it on his heart, but I  
Must worke with art, and by a Counter magicke  
Dissolve his spell, or forme him to my purpose.

*Enter Laura and Melinda.*

You have beene waiting on the Dutchesse Ladies?

*Law.* Shee dismiss'd us. *Urf.* With what circumstance?  
Is she still pleasant?

*Mel.* Strangely altered  
Since young *Borgis* tooke his leave and melancholly:  
Well, I suspect —

*Urf.* What Madam?

*Mel.* Sheelee scarce sleepe  
To night, for dreaming oth' Gentleman.

*Urf.* He is gone then?

*Law.* Yes, we saw his departure my Lord;  
He kist us both, but we put forward first,  
He is the handsomst Gentleman; dee thinke  
He weares his owne haire?

*Mel.*

*The Opportunity*

*Mik.* I was about  
To aske him once, but thought he was modest  
And woud ha blusht, I woud I had his picture.

*Urf.* His substance Madam, but take heed, the Dutchesse  
Must have no rivall, how dee affect his talke?

*Lau.* That was not my part to observe, we did divide  
Our Provinces, each Lady tooke a member  
To examine, when we have conferrd our notes  
Ile tell yee what the body of Ladies thinke on him.

*Mel.* Nay woe'l take him a peeces ere we be done.

*Urf.* And who shall fetch him together againe my Ladies.  
I waite on you.

*Lau.* Your Lordship will too much honour us.

*Urf.* 'Tis the way to my owne lodging.

*Mel.* If it were not the way my Lord, your Lordship  
Could not be destitute of a lodging at Court.

*Urf.* Your Charitie would relieve me use my service.

*Enter Ferrazzo and Piccolo within a while.*

*Fer.* There is no such affliction to the soule  
As that which should preserve it, love, a passion  
That with consent betrayes our understanding,  
And leaves man this heape of flame and ruine,  
I was safe till I had seen her businesse  
Tooke but possession of my seate, my owne  
Rashnesse and vanitie engagd my person  
To see what was chunn'd, and I suffer for't,  
Leave me.

*Pic.* 'Tis darke my Lord.

*Fer.* Thou'lt see tis light.

And by these fires I see too much, away,  
I shall soone reach my lodgings, night and I  
Shall agree well together, if my stay  
Be long, remember that you left me under  
The pallace windowes, leave to be officious  
And obey me——till this night she gave me faire  
Respect, and seem'd to allow the loving treatie,  
I was dull not to uncloud me all this while  
The knowledge of my person had engagd her

*Exit.*  
Beside

*The Opportunitie.*

Beside my act of love, and so much confidence  
Past all retreat, and yet she is a woman,  
Whose nature is unsteady as the waves,  
Vpon which foolish man runnes desperate  
To me a ruine.

*Enter Borgia.*

*Bor.* Fortune thou smil'st too much, I shall suspect  
Thy giddinesse, take eyes to thee and see  
To what a flattering height thou hast exalted  
A credulous man.

*Fer.* What voice is that, it had  
A sound of melancholy, darkenesse secure me.

*Bor.* But why make I ridiculous application  
To fortune? love is onely active here.  
The tyrant love, more blinde then chance, I am  
Full of distraction, there's a labyrinth  
Within, and more I tread, the more I am lost  
Betwixt the Dutchesse and *Cornelia*  
My soule divides, I must not be a foole,  
And for the fable of amorous love  
Leave state that courts me with a glorious title,  
And yet *Cornelia* is fury, and looks  
Withall the charmes of love upon her brow,  
What will she doe when she beleeveth I am  
No brother?

*Fer.* Tis the new ague *Borgia*  
That shakes the court, how confidently he talkes  
To himselfe, a light strikes from the Dutchesse window  
And muchlike; he observe, the gallant may  
Have some appointment,

*Song.*

*Cornelia above.*

*Bo.* Alas poore love-sicke Lady, what if I  
Attempted farther, the excuse will fall  
More easie on a stranger, Lady, hift.

*Cor.* Whoe's that?

*Bo.* One that does with the happinesse  
To see your face, you have blest my eares already:

*Cor.* What are you?

*Bo.* My name's *Borgia*, if you be  
A faire one of the court, time is not old

E

Since



**The Opportunitie.**

Since I was a guest there.

**Cor.** 'Tis he, Ile not lose

This opportunitie, Sir your boldnesse

Speakes you a stranger, and in part excuses

You are alone.

**Bo.** I am.

**Cor.** I expect not

Vpon so small acquaintance you should know

My voyce agen, I am the Dutchesse Sir.

**Bo.** Your graces humble creature, may I hope

You'l pardon this attempt.

**Cor.** Vpon condition

You will forget the freedom of our nature

And not grow insolent vpon our fauours,

We were late pleas'd to shew you, 'twas not love,

But mirth, we meant our court the wantonnesse

Of reueling nights, which we vpon retirements

Know how to checke and punish too in men,

That dare licentiously apply to our

Dishonour: if your service in that place

Of secretary we haue nam'd you for

Be diligent and faithfull, we repent not

That choise, but on your life feede no ambition,

Higher, it will be a degree next treason

To us, and the honour of *Ferrara's Duke*,

With whom because you are our secretary

We let you know our thoughts are fixt to marry.

**Fer.** What blessing hath my eare tooke in? The is

Resolv'd to my desires.

**Cor.** Are you gone Sir?

Sleepe wisely if you can, we shall expect

Your attendance in the morning, but no thought

On forfeit of your life bey ond what's dutie.

**Fer.** I have enough to morrow I resolve

To be my selfe, and with a state becoming

*Ferrara's Duke*, challenge this happinesse,

Forgive deare Princeesse I suspected thee.

**Exit.**

*Enter Dutchesse above.*

**Cor.** The Dutchesse, shee'l spoyle all.

**Dut.**

*The Opportunist.*

*Dut.* I heard your voyce more loud then usual,  
Whom spake you to?

*Cor.* Heer's no body and please your grace.

*Dut.* You hold some dialogue at the window then,  
He know.

*Cor.* My brother *Borgia* Madam.

*Dut.* *Borgia*, leave us. *Cor.* I hope hee's gone.

*Bo.* I must confesse you are my *Princessse* Madam,  
To whose least command I owe my blood and fortune.

*Dut.* He speaks to me, how does he know I am here?

*Bo.* And doe not thinke I can be lost so much  
In dutie to interpret there was any thing  
In me, that could deserve more then your pastime;  
And let me fall and dye beneath your anger,  
When I transgresse so farre, as to forget  
My humble fate which onely can be blest  
With my obedience to you, I had not  
One sawcie application of your favours,  
My heart shall bleed to death ere it shall finde  
One thought of so much impudence.

*Dut.* Howes this?  
Since *Cornelia* has usurped my name,  
And frighted him, what should make her officious  
He is her brother, I must heare no more  
Of this——you are mistaken all this while,  
I am *Cornelia* your sister.

*Bo.* Is the Dutchesse gone?

*Dut.* You well distinguish voyces, yet shee's gone.

*Bo.* My joy of soule, dearest *Cornelia*,  
Tis she that I must trust to.

*Du.* I'te'en so?

Deare brother, leaving all your studied complements  
I doe not like your dilatory reasons  
To *Urfini*, I may heare you as a brother,  
But must not trouble you to choose my husband;  
It is the Dutchesse pleasure, I should marry  
*Urfini*, an advancement more then I  
Can hope, from your election of a stranger

*The Opportunitie.*

And let your heart at rest, how ere I seem'd  
Inclining, destinie is not more fixt,  
Then the affection I owe *Ursini*,  
Him I resolve to marry, and before  
The next daies light is wasted.

*Bo.* I am undone

A'both sides, heare me yet but speake.

*Dut.* What would you say brother?

*Bo.* I am not thy brother.

*Dut.* How, not *Borgia*?

*Bo.* Not *Borgia*, the whole towne's mistaken

My name is *Aurelio Andreozzi*,

I was borne in *Milvan*, with my friend design'd

To see some service in the German warres;

At the first sight I must confesse I lov'd thee:

To enjoy thy conversation more freely,

I was content to seeme what men would call me

*Dut.* You tell me wonders.

*Bo.* I can give thee prooffe,

But to no purpose now, and tell thee too

Enough to make thee thinke I may be worthy,

But since 'tis so, I am glad you ha' discover'd

Your resolution so soone, good night to e,

Ile make no noyse to morrow, when I take

My journey.

*Dut.* Stay, he must not be so lost,

This is a strange discovery, if you can

Bring testimony that you are not *Borgia*,

You shall not Sir repent your coming hither,

Nor yet despaire of any noble wayes

That may reward your good opinion,

Tis late; a lovers dreame charme all your senses,

And waking finde your wishes, if you please

Vntill I aske a further satisfaction,

Be still conceal'd.

*Bo.* There may be hope, although

My first love I confesse reflect on this,

The Dutchesse yet, had not beene much amisse.

*Exit.*

*Actus*



*The Opportunitie.*

*Actus Tertius.*

*Enter Grutti and Ascanio.*

**Gr.** **V**Hy, I shall hardly take thee for my owne naturall child.

**As.** Let me alone with my son, if I do not fit him, let me never finde the way into my owne breeches agen. I would be loath to die in a wrong case and bee mistaken in another world; is the musicke ready, and the wine fater? can the fellows doe their dance handsomely, in stead of a maske to entertaine his highnesse, I am sorry my legges are out of tune, I have a great minde to be capering.

**Gr.** My owne wit, my owne naturall wit to a haire.

**As.** Not too much haire of your owne, and wit together, father, tis not the fashion: de' heare, whatsoever I say, be you drunk time enough to justify it, the bills shall be discharged without scrupulous examination, sowe in wine and give him Sea roome, if his head leake we will pumpe his breeches, he shall not sinke with all his ballast I warrant him.

**Gr.** A witty cracke, and my owne boy still.

**As.** Your owne boy? take heed what you say, lest you bee driven to justify it, you have no minde to wake my mother from her grave, tis enough I aske you blessing, I doe long to be metamorphos'd, and pursue his princely humor out of breath — Musicke, tis well, his grace is upon entrance.

**Gr.** Dispatch boy. **As.** I know my cue to enter. *Exit.*

*Enter Pimponio, like a Spanish Don, and Servants.*

**Pim.** And how, and how doe things become? We were in clouds but now.

**Gr.** Your highnesse is broken out.

**Pim.** Broken out, where?

**Gr.** Out of the clouds and please you.

**Pim.** There is no infidell among you then.

You all beleeve I am a Prince, de' heare,

At all adventures let it goe no further,

There are no traytors I hope amongst yee.

*The Opportunitie.*

Gr. Traytors, we will cut off any mans necke that dares but thinke so.

Pim. Doe and I will iustifie it, hang necks among friends, although I am pleas'd to reveale the majestie of my person to you, it is not fit every one should know so much, ycu are strangers, and therefore I dare not tell you, but the Dutchesse must not heare on't upon your lives; she and I must be better acquainted when I see my time. He tell you, she may take me i'th head to looke like a foole again, it may, greatnesse is given to humors, and giddinesse will runne in a blood, if it doe, doe not know me.

Gr. For what? Pim. For any other then I seeme.

Gr. Not a foole.

Pim. Thou art an ass, a Prince may play the foole within his owne dominions, or any other; provided they bee of his owne allies and confederates. I know where I am, but we are not met to reach me a chaine and a boile of wine, every one take his charge.

Gr. Will not your highnesse have the dance first?

Pim. They will dance the better when they are three quarters drunke.

1. Ser. We do not observe men of your nation to be so joviall.

Pim. Not subjects I grant you that, but we

have priviledge musique, and give fire at

once. — So, but me thinkes it were necessary

there were some difference in our drinkings;

all are not Princes, reach me a bigger bottle,

I will preserve my state, this is a Princely

draught. — We drinke alone.

so. — Why have we not a Concupine?

2. Sr. Brave Princes with whom this is he drinks.

Pim. Now let em friske the dance, you have prepar'd, I am

ready to accept it.

Gr. And it shall please your grace, *The dance which ended.*

There is a high German desires to speak with you. *Enter Grut.*

1. Ser. The high German that was at Court, hee's a man of

mightie parts and knowne to all the Princes in Christendome,

what comes he for?

Gr. I feare you are betrayd Sir, and that the Dutchesse has

sent for you.

Pim.

*The Opportunitie.*

*Pim.* For me, I wou<sup>ld</sup> not come yet.

*2. Ser.* Doe not affront him Sir, for your owne sake, this high German has beaten all the Fencers in Europe.

*Pim.* Let him beate all the world, whats that to me? shall he make a prize of me?

*Gr.* But if he come Embassador from the Dutcheffe.

*Pim.* That's another matter, give me the rother bottle. Now let all the Cantons of Swisse come.

*Enter Ascanio in Switzers Habit.*

Which is the high German? let me see him.

*Gr.* That Sir.

*Pim.* Hee's one of the lowest high Germans that e're I lookt

*As.* I kisse thy highnesse hand.

*Pim.* And we embrace this lownesse: de'e heare Sir, are you a high German?

*As.* I was so at the beginning of the warres, what wee are beaten to you may discern.

*Pim.* Are you beaten to that? you'l be a very little nation and the warres continue.

*As.* I have a message to deliver you, The faire Dutcheffe of *Urbis*, whom I waite on, Hearing a person of your blood and qualitie So meanelly lodg'd, by me desires you would Accept an entertainment in her Court.

*Pim.* We give the Dutcheffe thanks, how knew thee I was

*As.* It was impossible

You should stay undiscover'd many howers.

Princes have strange intelligence, and you may

As soone tie up the Sunne beames in a net

As keepe your selfe unknowne, for my owne part

I am honored in the embassie, and shall

Be proud to write my selfe your pensioner

As I am to all the royall blood in Christendome.

*Pim.* O Pensioner, tis the least honour we intend thee, I am a naturall Prince as sure as I live; here weare this gold, there's more to drinke our health, wee are pleas'd no man be sober at our returne, as he will answer it, you may be all my subjects: if I marry the Dutcheffe he hang you all.

*Of.*



*The Opportunitie.*

*Ors.* How?

*Pim.* In chaines of preferment, drinke I say, and drinke to purpose, what will become of me now? stay, a word with you high German, what will the Dutchesse doe with me doe you thinke?

*As.* Twere sinne to say shee'l honour you, for you  
Are above all addition but her love;  
Your wit, your blood, your person, doe not lose  
The opportunitie, yet I prophetic  
You will be affronted.

*Pim.* No matter, I ha beene affronted a hundred times, but  
by whom?

*As.* Questionlesse by some great ones,  
And perhaps beaten.

*Pim.* I have beene beaten too upon good occasion,  
And will agen to save my honour, beaten?  
I can take the strappado, beside in this part  
I am insensible, a kicke is cast away.

*As.* If you be valiant and indure, it will  
Engage her love the more, but I know  
Your breeding will afford you impudence  
To overcome their envies, and secure  
This Dukedome to your selfe, goe on boldly,  
My counsell shall attend.

*Pim.* I will goe on, and feare no beating, well  
I cannot knight thee, yet prove but a witch  
He make thee one of my privy counsellors.

*Exit.*

*Enter Mercutio, Iulio, and Lucio.*

*Mer.* No more, my dutie will not let me heare it.

*Lu.* How not your dutie Sir?

*Ju.* You are not angry?

*Mer.* You are his friends, I should not else be pleas'd.

*Lu.* We have said nothing to afflict you thus,  
We did expect this word ha' made you merry.

*Ju.* A sonnes preferment was not wont to be  
Such discord to a father, a loving father,  
For so we tooke your constitution.

*Lu.* Preferment? is too poore a word.

*Mer.*

*The Opportuniste.*

*Mer.* You were best tell me too he may be Duke.

*In.* He is i' th' rode, I know not how hee'l misse it.

*Mer.* This is three quarters treason, tho I love  
My sonne, I must not cherish this ambition.

*In.* But it will be more then three quarters treason  
If you presume to checke the Dutchesse pleasure,  
And murmur thus if she resolve to marry,  
And make your sonne a Duke, you'l not turne rebell.

*Mer.* Defend allegiance, Gentlemen mistake not  
Altho I love my sonne, Ile not be guiltie  
Of any thought to crosse her, but I should  
Be sorry he should cast away himselfe.

*In.* How de'e meane?

*Mer.* As men doe use when they  
Doe hange or drowne themselves.

*Lu.* Have you sence  
And talke thus wildly. *Mer.* Yes and understand  
The riddles you have told me.

*Lu.* Doe you count  
Your sonne lost by the Dutchesse loving him?

*Mer.* Goe finde your wits agen, and use 'em better,  
Can you be so rediculous to thinke,  
So wise, so modest, so religious  
A Lady can forget her state and honour  
To place affection on my sonne.

*In.* There have beene  
Presidents to make it seeme no wonder.

*Mer.* She had better taine his head off, there had ended  
My cares, the boy t'runne madde, and what can follow  
Thinke yee? goe to, Ile to her highnesse presently.

*In.* What to doe?

*Mer.* To pray her leave him to a naturall death,  
And choose some other to undoe with pride  
Of her large favours, gentlemen examine  
But your selves, could either of you two promise  
To keepe your wits, if such a grace were offerd  
To you? would it not tempt you to be mad,  
To thinke of being a Duke? speake honestly,

*The Opportunitie.*

I't fit indeed you should be lesse than mad  
There be some men ith' world ha' lost their senses  
When they but chewd the Cud of a bare Lordship,  
I ha' knowne a knighthood has turn'd some mens wits,  
The very noyse o' th' spurres; then doe not blame me  
If I desire my sonne sober and sensible,  
And now I thinke on't Ile first seeke him out. *Exit.*

*Enter Laura and Melinda.*

*Lu.* I thinke the old man mad indeed.

Deare Madam *Laura*,

*Lau.* Sweet Sir I cannot stay.

*Lu.* Then I can walke and waite on you. *Exit.*

*Ju.* You have the same haste too,

Thou art a peece of the Dutchesse Cabinet,

I must heare some newes.

*Me.* Alas the Court is barren.

*Ju.* I know a tricke to make thee fruitfull yet,

Nay I can mend my pace Lady an you put me too. *Exit.*

*Enter Cornelia, and Pisano.*

*Cor.* Good Sir the reason why you wonder at me

Above althether women, what in me

Appeares so full of prodigie,

*Pis.* Ile tell you,

Y'are young and handsome.

*Cor.* Should I grant I were,

This were no miracle.

*Pis.* Withall this youth and handsonnesse y'are a maid

And live at Court too, this I hope is not ordinary.

*Cor.* What wonder will your fancy create next.

*Pis.* Y'are sound too, or your phisnomy deceives me:

*Cor.* The priviledge of my brothers friend must not

Engage me to a mockery.

*Pis.* I was

About to say y'are patient too, I see

Something wud make you angry, but returne

To your first temper, and Ile soone acquaint you

With all my purpose Lady, to all these

Commendations, which meet not in all women,

You



*The Opportunitie.*

You have birth and fortune, and the favour of  
The Dutchesse.

*Cor.* All these carry no such wonder  
If I have understanding.

*Pis.* No, no, you  
Are all the wonder Madam that with these  
Advantages a your side to draw up mens  
Affections, yet as you despaire to have  
A Husband to the discredit of your sex,  
Who article at twelve to be dissemblers;  
You are in love.

*Cor.* In love, is that a sinne?

*Pis.* Nay, nay, you court a Gentleman with eyes  
That are not lawfull.

*Cor.* How Sir, be not rude.

*Pis.* I can say more.

*Cor.* Is it your mirth or madnesse.

*Pis.* No, no, you are mad, worse, Ile prove it,  
You dote upon your brother, come tis impious,  
Purge, purge betime, your blood is foule, I me plaine  
There's some ont in your face now that would blush  
I see through your hearts, a little more  
Had spoild him quite, he had forgot all lawes  
Of nature and religion, and beene fond  
To both your shames, a brother, and a sister  
Tempt one another, good heaven where is conscience  
And modestie become & preserve your selfe  
You have yet a good name, keepe it and drinke Julips,  
You'l finde the benefit in your veins.

*Cor.* You have  
Beene very bould upon my constitution.

*Pis.* I know it better then your Doctor, Come  
Doe not deny it, I make no proclamation;  
What i'ft to me more then my Christian care  
You should not hurt your soules, he is my friend  
Betray him not, tis no good sisters part  
I can assure you, if you be not dull  
Or blinde with giddy passion, you may see

*The Opportunitie.*

Another starre shoot influence on him;  
Be wise and envie not the Dutchesse favours,  
Your vessell may be rigg'd, and arm'd, and lanch'd  
Into a calmer Sea, and returne fraught  
With lawfull prise hereafter, I ha stirr'd her,  
But must not be too hasty.

*Cor.* I shall shew  
My selfe too full of guilt.

*Pis.* You are troubled at it,  
A signe of grace; how ere you thinke of me  
Now in the heate of Counsell I'me your friend,  
You'l finde it so, I kisse your hand, farewell.  
De'e heare? but two words more, if you doe finde  
As being acquainted best with your owne body,  
No disposition to hold out longer,  
I ha' that will cure you, and Ile justify't  
Before the colledge — Take me,  
De'e marke, that does it, I kisse your hand,  
Agen farewell, and have a conscience,  
Ile tell you more next time, this way may worke. *Exit.*

*Cor.* This Gentlemans discourse though somewhat wild  
And without method shakes me, I am lost  
If I obey, I know not what within me  
Too Prompts me to a love so irreligious;  
He is my brother, holy thoughts possesse me,  
And when a furious passion seeks to invade  
My will, destroy it heaven — hee's here I dare

*Enter Dutchesse and Borgia.*

Not stay to tempt my frailtie, let them move  
With joy, I am not in my spheare of love. *Exit.*

*Dut.* But tell me signior, may we are pleas'd  
You should be free, upon what confidence  
Knowing your guilt, and danger to reward it  
Durst you returne to Urbin?

*Bo.* I was more fortunate  
Then I have reason for, and yet my country  
And friends were pretious madam, nor could life  
In such a wildernesse abroad, where none

*Durst*

*The Opportunity.*

Durst owne me, be a benefit; there was  
A blessing in my fate to meete your metcy,  
That gave me boldnesse.

*Dnr.* Cunningly dissembled,  
You met no Lady then in all your travell,  
I meane none whom you calld mistresse, with  
Her loving magicke to lay charmes upon you  
And forc'd your stay.

*Bo.* None Madam, I was not  
Worth any Ladies thought, none were so lost  
To their owne Iudgements to imagine me  
More then a walking shadow, or if any  
Had cherish'd better thought of me a stranger,  
They quickly found, they had not plac'd it right,  
On so much barrennesse which left their charity  
To pay it selfe.

*Dnr.* You doe not promise such  
A hard and horrid composition,  
But love may finde a shift to enter more  
Then skinne deepe in your bosome, but perhaps  
You left your heart at home, and could not then  
Dispencc with new engagements, it was so,  
And for her sake you willingly forgot  
Your danger to returne, may be not troubled,  
Confession will not injure you, I like  
You should preferre the beauties of your country.

*Bo.* It Cannot be thought flattery, if I  
Acknowledge with the narrowest observation  
My eyes could take, no place hath beene more fruitfull  
In beaurie then your owne, and it doth hold  
Proportion with your excellence, all should  
Be faire and imitate your first example.

*Dnr.* I see you can be when you list a Courtier,  
But this confirms your love is planted here;  
And since we are false by accident upon  
This subject, wee'l pursui't a little further;  
Come I must know your Mistris, doe not doubt  
I shall disturbe the progresse of your loves.

*Bo.* What answer shall I frame, things are not ripe



*The Opportunitie.*

Yet for discovery, so please your highnesse  
You would be modest, and excuse, be wiser  
And apprehend my meaning to advance  
Your wishes, tis within my power to effect  
As much as your ambition can aime at  
Who is it if her heart be stubborn, we  
Can make it soft, if great above your fortune,  
We can raise you to her equality,  
Or bring her downe to your levell, since we ha' promist  
In hope not to repent, either declare  
The mistresse of your thoughts, and finde them prosper,  
We are not us'd to expresse such bounteous language,  
But be the proudest, greatest in our Dutchy;  
Without all limitation, she shall carry  
No birth or state here, to despise the service  
You fairly meane her if we faile in this,  
We will not thinke our strength worth the preserving

*Bo.* If I have any wit, *Enter Cornelia.*

*Cor.* Madam the Duke.

*Dut.* What Duke?

*Cor.* The Duke of *Ferrara* with a glorious traine  
Is come to Court, and as the loud voyce is  
Given out by himselfe, to claime you for his wife,  
For which he has your promise.

*Dut.* How our promise? to assured and erring blood?  
Can Princes be so insolent, be shrewd  
His haste, but we shall lose much of our honour  
To give no ceremony to his person?  
How e're our thoughts point, we will entertaine him  
And dresse our face in smiles.

*Cor.* His lookes renew  
My sufferings, I have not power to manage  
My wilde affection, my heart will not  
Be denied but by a secret destinie.

*Runnes to embrace him. Brother.*

*Dut.* Ha, *Cornelia*  
I hope you are not courting *Borgia*,  
He is your brother, know your place within

Our

*The Opportunitie.*

Our traine.

*Bo.* Shee's jealous, jealous, flarres I thanke you.  
Tis cleare as light shee does affect me now:  
Did she not put me too, to name my mistress  
Yer in a shaddow pointed at her selfe?  
Be she the proudest, greatest in our Dutchy  
Without all limitation, I mark'd that  
And had my sense——if great above your fortune  
We can raise you to her equalitie:  
Fine moralls, poore *Cornelia* loves me too,  
But I must give her no encouragement:  
Her grace is much the better woman——ha.

*Lord Musicke.*

*A passage over the Stage. Duke, Dutchesse, Ursini,*

*Iulio, Lucio, Pietro, Ladies.*

She appeard discontent when first *Cornelia*  
Brought her the newes, yet they march lovingly  
Together, but that ceremony must  
Be allow'd at Court, where shift of face and tongue  
Are wisely to be practiz'd——my good Lord.

*Enter Ursini and Pietro.*

*Urs.* Your servant *Borgia.*

Tis her graces pleasure every gentleman  
That has relation to the Duke, take all  
The bounties of her Court.

*Bo.* How's this? *Urs.* None dare  
To affront a Groome on forfeit of his place,  
Let all the offices of entertainment  
Be free and open.

*Pie.* I shall signifie  
These her commands.

*Urs.* And they that of her owne  
Court are ambitious to expresse their duties  
Let it appeare in keeping this day solemne  
To wine and mirth, that every brow may speake  
A joy and welcome to the Duke.

*Pie.* I shall.

*Exit.*

*Bo.* Here's like to be a triumph, with your Lordships  
Pardon; was that the Duke of *Ferrara.*

*Urs.*

*The Opportunitie.*

*Urf.* Yes of *Urbis* shortly, when their marriage  
Is perfect, every subjects heart prays for it,  
And sent their acclamations to heaven  
To see her highnesse lovingly salute him,  
Hee's a brave Prince.

*Bo.* A good round gentleman,  
He did not flie hither, I heard talke of an  
Embassadour.

*Urf.* A cloud for his owne person  
Till his affaires came to maturitie,  
He stood conceal'd toth' Dutchesse, but last night  
He gain'd her princely word to marry him,  
And is this morning bright in his owne glories.

*Bo.* Last night.

*Urf.* He build more faith upon his honour  
Fast as a contract.

*Bo.* To what painted Paradise  
Would she ha' led me? wood I had my sister now.

*Urf.* With this joy  
I had forgot my owne, *Borgia*, Brother  
Let not the sound be unwelcome, tis the Dutchesse  
Pleasure to honour her unworthy creature  
*Ursini*, by appointment of our marriage  
To Waite on hers.

*Bo.* What marriage? *Urf.* With your sister,  
He not suspect your love, since faire *Cornelia*  
Is not displeas'd to be directed by  
Her highnesse, and be confident my love  
Shall make the memory of it welcome to you;  
You will excuse me if I take my leave,  
These houres are full of businesse, and I have  
Many commands upon me.

*Exit.*

*Bo.* In good time,  
I am in a good state agen, I was an asse  
To thinke the Dutchesse meant me any thing  
But mockery, she told me so before  
To make more sport, I ha' lost my sister too,  
Shees for *Ursini* carving, I could curse

*My.*



*The Opportuniste.*

My selfe to *Millan*, but tis not impossible  
I may retriue *Cornelia*, by giving her  
A timely satisfaction, I am not  
Her brother *Borgia*:  
Ther's all the hope is left, I shall be loath  
To hunt two hares, and after lose them both. *Exit.*

*Actus Quartus.*

*Enter Mercutio and Borgia at severall dores.*

*Mer.* Sonne y're well met. *Bo.* Your pleasure Sir.

*Mer.* No great pleasure, I am almost hoarse with  
Enquiring for you, I must aske you a question,  
First let me examine your countenance.

*Bo.* Your meaning Sir?

*Mer.* I have no skill in *Metapolicopie*,  
De'e know me?

*Bo.* I am not discover'd sure,  
What crotcher's this?

*Mer.* Hee's proud, he wou not know me:  
'Tis so, hee's lost, he is undone, nay, nay,  
It will become me to stand bare to you Sir,  
And teach my hammes the officious cringe, be covered.

*Bo.* I know not how to interpret Sir your language,  
Yet I would hope you mocke me not, altho  
It was the *Dutchesse* pleasure to create  
Mirth from this barren heape, and counterfeitt  
Favors to try my duty, joyn not you  
With others to enlarge my scorne, I am not  
So tame of soule, but I have sense of all  
Their Iceres.

*Mer.* Their Iceres? whom doe you point upon?

*Bo.* I dare not name the *Dutchesse*, I am all  
Obediencē to her person, yet she might  
Have plac'd her giddy humor somewhere else  
It swells not me with expectation,  
I was not made for state.

*Mer.* Doe not you then  
Thinke to be Duke.

*The Opportunists.*

**Bo.** Should any but your selfe  
Name such a title to me, I should answer  
His question with a frowne, and something else  
To waite upon't, tho I engag'd my life  
To a fresh danger, but I am instructed  
By nature and religion to be calme  
At what you say.

**Mer.** On this condition  
Ile give thee leave to beate me, 'twas my feare  
Thou hadst an easie faith, and were transported  
Indeepe out of thy wits, but since I see  
Thou art not made, I will commend a wife to thee

**Bo.** To me, I thank you Sir, not yet,  
I shall be made indeed then, I will marry  
None but my sister, take my word.

**Mer.** Thy sister?  
**Bo.** I cannot raile upon the Dutchesse safely;  
A wife, my mother's dead.

**Mer.** Thoud'it not have her?

**Bo.** I thinke you woud not have her out of heaven.  
T'were little Charrity, and the whole sex  
Were in a dead sleepe wer't not sinne to wake 'em;  
A wife, Ile seeke my sister.  
**Mer.** Stay and take  
My keyes, this opens to my gould, goe home  
And take out ten bagges.

**Bo.** What to doe Sir?  
**Mer.** To spend 'em all's thine owne, leave something for  
Cornelia, because perhaps hee'l marry,  
And I am satisfied a prudent boy.  
How am I bound to heaven that hee's not proud,  
Nor taken in the subtle toyles of women?  
Hee'l never marry, how shall I consume  
My estate? Dost heare, a little portion  
Will serve thy sister.

**Bo.** Must  
He marry her?  
**Mer.** I let him, we shall please  
The Dutchesse too, and when she is disposd  
The rest is ours to revell with.

**Bo.** Ile thinke on't. **Exit.**

*Enter Iulio and Lucio.*

**Mer.** Did you not meet my sonne?

**Iu.** Yes somewhat melancholy.

**Mer.**

*The Opportunitie*

*Mer.* You are deceiv'd, hee's cholericke, and let  
Me advise you gentlemen, although I know  
He loves you, doe not mocke him, hee's no foole;  
No bladder to be swolne with breath of praise  
And Ladies Iigges, he is sensible he is,  
And will not be the hatefull stocke of pastime  
To Groomes and Pages.

*Lu.* What doe you meane my Lord?

*Mer.* Call him not Duke, I counsell you.

*Iu.* We doe not.

*Mer.* Nor doe not thinke it possible it may be

*Lu.* Have patience, and we doe not, we have alter'd  
Our opinions, and are cleare of your side now.

*Iu.* As the wheelles move we doe thinke nothing lesse,  
Your sonne shall not be Duke, there is no feare on't  
Whilst *Ferrara* lives.

*Mer.* He shall not.

*Iu.* So we say, sleepe quietly.

*Mer.* He shall not, very peremptory,  
You are no Oracles, would I were *Dutcheffe*  
For halfe an houre, he shud be Duke, de'e heare now;  
No matter who repented: I thought you  
Had beene his friend, he shannot be a Duke?  
How ere I thought on't, it becomes not you  
To circumscribe his fortune, he can number  
Descents of noble blood, and had his breeding;  
Has none of the worst faces, heads, nor hearts,  
How ere you value him and discharge your boulds  
At randome thus, he shannot.

*Lu.* Heare us Sir.

*Mer.* He shall not be a Duke.

*Exit.*

*Lu.* Did not I say he was mad?

*Iu.* That was dissembled,  
He has cause now to see a turne i'th fireame,  
And *Ferrara* onely hopefull with the *Dutcheffe*,

*Enter Pisauo and Alednio.*

What thing is that?

*Pis.* Is he so confident?

*As.* He will lay about like a Prince, de'e thinke



*The Opportuniste.*

We may present him safely if you say  
The word Ile winde him up to an Emperour.

*Pis.* Keep thy shape boy, we wonnot lose the sport,  
And happily I will acquaint these gentlemen.

*As. M.*  
Should be whipt heartily for my conceits,  
The little high German wud not take it kindly,  
It may be the court largesse, but no matter,  
I have some gold and dare venter the last  
At any time for coyne of this complexion.

*Lu.* Are you in earnest? *Is.* I will be excellent,  
And please her highnesse, she has commanded  
All libertie of mirth, Ile undertake  
To prepare her.

*Pis.* About it then, Ile have  
My part i th enterlude, lose no time boy,  
Thou shalt be Prince of Pigmieland for this:  
The Dutchesse, Ile withdraw.

*Enter Dutchesse, Ferrara, Ursini,*

*Borgia, Cornelia Ladies.*

*Dut.* My Lord, you make me wonder, challenge me  
Of promises & tho I acknowledge it,  
No act that could reflect with a dishonour  
Upon our person, yet we must not be  
So jeasted into marriage, you are a Prince  
Of an unquestiond merit, take not these  
Imaginary wayes to advance your hopes  
In us, we are yet free as you my Lord,  
And shall not in a dreame give up our selfe,  
Were we disposd to marry or contract  
Our selfe, the day shall witnesse it without  
A blush, let guiltie soules call night to cover  
Their promises, we are innocent. *Fer.* Good Madam,  
Render me not so lost to my owne senses,  
To the honour of a Prince basely to come  
A language for my purpose, though you may  
Repent the last nights freedome, and correct  
Your judgement of me, make me not so miserable

To

*The Opportunity*

To let the Court thinke I have used this  
As destitute of nobler wayes to move you,  
But I presume this is to try my patience  
And make my joyes at last more pretious  
By this delay; I know you are all vertue  
And cannot staine your selfe by a denyall  
Of any syllable you speake.

*Dut.* With pardon  
Of your grace, I shall laugh if you persist thus:  
You had a pleasant dreame, but lovers  
Are flatterd in their sleepe, I speake to you.

*Fer.* Then Madam I take leave, to tell you tis not  
Done like a Princeesse of that character  
We have receiv'd, and if I had no witnesse  
I see what mirth we are prepar'd for.

*Dut.* Witnesse  
There is too much at stake my Lord already,  
To racke this argument for your owne fame,  
Procede not to enlarge it, we would rather  
Confesse some guilt against our selfe, then let  
You honour be expos'd to such strait censure  
For loving us, yet if you would be silent  
In this we shall be proud, in other things  
To have denyed you nothing, and be asham'd  
You tooke our Court so unprepared to honour you.

*Fer.* Was ever such a mockery, I see  
I must produce more testimony, you see  
Can justifie if you please, I have affirm'd  
Nothing but truth, altho my willing eare  
Catch'd up the voyce, she spake it to you signior.

*Bo.* What my good Lord?

*Fer.* That she resolv'd to marry us.

*Bo.* Your excellence

Must pardon me, I heard her highnesse speake  
No language to that purpose.

*Dut.* We honour  
You *Borgia* for acquitting us.

*Cor.* Tis truth her highnesse never spake so, but I did

*The Opportunitie*

Whom supposd the Dutchesse and this must  
Sound hope in him to be so negative.

*Fer.* It seemes you have concluded, Madam, I  
Must be the generall mirth.

*Dut.* I finde *Cornelius*  
Cunning in this and must apply some complement  
For our owne honour, good my Lord your privacie.

*Bo.* How er'e her grace be a little impudent  
I had beene made to iustifie the Duke  
In such a cause, she has no minds to marry him,  
And perhaps talk'd to me last night to try  
My strength of wit, women are subtile creatures  
No matter tho *Ufini* court my sister,  
My ambitions laire a rother side agen.

*Enter Iulio, and Lucio, and whisper with the Dutchesse.*

*Urf.* Tis strange the Dutchesse should so mistake.

*Cor.* Vpon

My conscience she heard the words.

*Urf.* Yet She denies. *Cor.* I must beleeve her too.

*Urf.* You speak a riddle, Madam. *Dut.* Will you my Lord  
Admit of so much mirth.

*Fer.* You shall command me.

*Dut.* Remit 'em then, the rest Ile cleare hereafter  
To your satisfaction.

*Pis.* De'e heare, what Prince de'e means to call your selfe?

*Pim.* Why any Prince in *Spain*.

*Pis.* No Ile advise you

You shall be an *Italian* Prince in *Spanish* habit.

Now I thinke better on't, tis quaint and will

Be gratefull for the witty noveltye.

Every common Prince goes in his countries fashion

Such as you are not ordinary, be bould.

*Bo.* Why didst bring him hicher.

*Pis.* Peace I may doe you a curtesie.

Keepe your owne counsell and be ignorant

Of this strange Creature, say you are—

The Duke of—thus disguisd for reasons

Knowne to your selfe.

*Pim.*



*The Opportunitie.*

*Pim.* Duke of——let me alone.

*Pis.* And he not beaten out of his place.

*Pim.* I wonnot, let the high German first present mee. In a  
Is that the Dutcheffe? so, so.

*As.* I warrant you.

*Pim.* My master or his ghost?

*Pis.* You wonnot be a fool and lose your selfe,  
And heaven knowes what scorn to take notice on him,  
Remember who you are.

*Pim.* Vmph, umph, stand by fellow.

*As.* Dutcheffe of *Urbis* never was your Count  
Grac'd with the presence of so beaues Prince  
As this the darling and delight of *Christendome*.

*Dut.* He seemes no lesse.

*Urf.* What pageants ha' we got.

*As.* And cosen not your selves he is no *Spaniard*,  
But of *Italian* sprightly breed, a man

Famous in Arts and Armes, as shall appaere.

If any man dares question him, should your grace

But see him at some royall exercise

You wud thinke him more then mortal, he shall pitch

The Barre with any of your Guard, or drink with

Wrestle with both the West and North Olympicks,

Sings like the *Arabian* Bird, and can out-dance:

The nimble Elephant, so rarely skild

In musicke, that he has a great ambition

To goe to hell to challenge *Orpheus*

To play with him on any Instrument

From the Organ to the Jewes-trumpe.

*Dut.* Miracles!

*As.* These are the outside of his qualities,

But looke within him, and your grace shall finde

Enough to ravish you.

*Pim.* Tell how I love her.

*As.* With all these vertues and advantages

Of blood and state he comes to court your highnesse;

*Dut.* We are infinitely honord, and wud thank him.

But that we know not yet this Princes name.

*As.* Duke of *Ferrara* Madam is his title.

*Ferr.*

The Opportunitie

**Fer.** How sirrah? **That is the Duke of Ferrara, what delemene?**  
**As.** Stand top't and say he is a counterfeit  
A meere impostor, be not beaten out on't.  
**Fer.** Are you Duke of Ferrara sirrah, ha?  
**Pim.** I am Duke of all the world, what's that to thee?  
High Gentles stand close to me.  
**As.** A true Prince needs no buckler. **Exit.**  
**Fer.** Sirrah darst usurp my name?  
**Pim.** Tis mine, thou art a counterfeit,  
I hope your grace will know me in the night.  
**Urf.** A base affrontably ill sort, and suspected  
A plot of *Borgias* to dishonour you,  
He durst not stay to face it.  
**Fer.** He have's heart, on it he is not  
As for this wretch.  
**Pim.** Doe, doe, I look'd for this, a true Prince can beare it.  
**Fer.** Madam you have not us'd me well, first say  
I say no more. **Exit. Fer. and Urf.**  
**Pim.** Let him goe madam, he call him so account hereafter, Y  
**Dut.** We are displeas'd hence with that fole and whip  
him.  
**Pim.** Whats the matter?  
**In.** You must be whipt and strip'd my scurvie Don  
**Pim.** Whip a Prince? what delemene?  
**Lu.** You must be Duke of Ferrara, as he is  
**Pim.** Duke of a Fiddle-sticke, you doe not meane, to let me  
Catch an Ague Gentlemen  
**In.** The last when the fit comes will keepe you warme, doe  
you know one *Pimpone*, he was a footman, you will be in case  
to overtake him presently, hee has the heeles on you, and you  
cannot give him so much weight, now you are light, stay but a  
little wee'l send you a whip. **Exit.**  
**Pim.** How am I transform'd, Duke of Ferrara quotha, wud I  
were any thing, I know not what I am as they have handled me.  
**Enter Dutchesse and Pietro.**  
**Dut.** Is the Duke gone?  
**Pie.** Yes Madam.

Dut.

*The Opportunitie.*

*Dut.* Ile have the foole hang'd then.

*Pim.* That's I.

*Dut.* Alas poore fellow, ha, ha, ha, what art thou?

*Pim.* Nothing, I hope she does not know me, agen, I must deny my selfe.

*Dut.* Come hither Sirrah,

Whose devise was it to bid you say you were  
Duke of Ferrara?

*Pim.* Alas not I Madam, he is gone.

*Dut.* Who is gone?

*Pim.* The insolent fellow that made a foole of your high-  
(*ness.*)

*Dut.* Whether is he gone?

*Pim.* To obey your grace and be whip'd.

*Dut.* Why doe you shake so?

*Pim.* I'me very warme and please your grace.

*Dut.* Where be your cloathes?

*Pim.* My cloathes? I never wore any more in my life, I swear  
(*with these.*)

*Dut.* He has punishment enough, who waites?

Bid *Borgia* attend us.

*Pie.* I shall Madam.

*Exit.*

*Enter Borgia.*

*Bor.* How now sirrah, what are you?

*Pim.* A Tumbler, doe you know me?

*Bor.* I know thee?

*Pim.* What not *Pimp*, honest *Pimponio*.

*Enter Pietro.*

*Pie.* Signior *Borgia* her grace calls for you.

*Bo.* I attend.

*Exit.*

*Pim.* How signior *Borgia*? then I am not I, and there is no  
Staying here to finde my selfe, as I remember some friends of  
mine, did promise me a comfortable whip, Ile rather venture a  
cold then stay fort, I must be Dukified, be perswaded into  
kicks—they'l returne, I wonnot tempt my destinie, she pro-  
misd to hang me, and I can doe that for my selfe when I have  
a minde too.

*Enter Iulio, and Lucia.*

*Ju.* Kicke that fellow out of the Court.

*Pim.* You are mistaken Sir, he meanes some body else, I have  
beene kicked already.

*Enter Ducheße and Borgia.*

*Bo.* Madam you let fall,

H

Dut.



*The Opportunitie.*

*Dut.* Let it reward your paines.

*In.* Observ'd you that.

*Dut.* Convey this to *Marcutio*, it creates him  
Controller of our household, this I hope  
Will merit more of his acquaintance with  
Our Court.

*Bo.* You honour your poore creatures.

*Dut.* Leave us,

You may stay Sir, what suite, what that you named?

*Bo.* Suite Madam?

*Dut.* Did not you say you had a suite to us,  
I hope your modestie will reach you how  
To lim it your request, that it may be  
Such as may both become our grant and your  
Acceptance, speake what i ft.

*Bo.* My suite Madam?

*Dut.* But in the confidence of your discretion  
Name and enjoy what you desire.

*Bo.* This bounty  
Of language is beyond all my ambition.

*Dut.* Well Sir to th purpose, I would have you speake  
To purpose now.

*Bo.* To purpose, would I durst,  
This exceeds all the rest, shall I be mad  
And lose this opportunitie.

*Dut.* We are prepar'd.

*Bo.* Better! my happinesse flowes upon me  
My suite is Madam, you would be pleas'd to —  
What shall I say, she lookes so keene and tempting,  
I have a great mind to kisse her.

*Dut.* Not resolv'd yet?

*Bo.* Long since, my humble suite is to you Madam, that —

*Dut.* What?

*Dut.* I may be number'd still among your creatures  
And keepe a blessing in your gracious smiles  
Vpon my humble service.

*Dut.* A smile and humblest service, is this all?  
You wou not purchase much by being a Courtier.

*Bo.*

*The Opportunitie.*

*Bo.* The greatest rise by favour, I ha lost  
An opportunitie.

*Dut.* Is there nothing else?

*Bo.* She Askes agen, now Ile put her too,  
We are private, I have another suite Madam.

*Dut.* A courtier should have many, what i fit made on?

*Bo.* Of love.

*Dut.* A prettie winter wearing, and keepes well  
In fashion.

*Bo.* May I presume to as aske your grace.

*Dut.* A question? yes Sir.

*Bo.* Doe you love me Madam?

*Dut.* How Sir?

*Bo.* Does your grace love me?

*Dut.* Audacious Groome, how dares thy soule imagine  
So great an impudence, almost treason to us,  
Are all our favours thought so cheape? and we  
Consider'd in the crowd of other women  
Fit for your mixture, to be stain'd with loose  
And desperate proffers of your wanton service?  
Have we no more distinction in our birth  
And titles? Or de'e hope we are disarm'd  
Of strength to punish such an insolence?  
Had smiles tane such possession of our brow  
Thou couldst expect no killing frowne for this?  
Was our eye growne so tame nothing could quicken it  
Into a flame, into a consuming lightning,  
When such an object durst appeare to vex it?  
Thus we could spurne thy sawcy head off—but  
We pardon it, de'e heare? we freely pardon it,  
To shew mercy is above all fault,  
And that we are at home Queene of our passions,  
Nor shall you suffer under the remembrance,  
Tis now as it had never beene, and you keepes  
The first place in our thoughts.

*Bo.* Ha'?

*Dut.* Wisely preserve'em  
And rather chide your timorous understanding

*The Opportunist.*

Then thinke us angry, had your sinne beene greater.  
We should have met it charitably, come,  
You are our Secretary, write as we shall dictate.

*Bo.* Did ever Sunne-shine breake so suddenly  
From such a blacke and most prodigious cloud?  
I would ha' sold my body for a beane stalke  
Within two minuts, sh'as an excellent wit  
And cunningly she reines it, whats your pleasure  
I shall write Madam?

*Dut.* A letter, a love letter, are you ready,  
Write as I bid upon your life, — I love you.

*Bo.* I am perpar'd.

*Dut.* Write I love you Sir, de'e not understand me?

*Bo.* Shee'l make me mad, I ha' done, I love you.

*Dut.* How Sir? *Bo.* There wanted Sir, I love you Sir.

*Dut.* And if you be not short of apprehension.

*Bo.* And if, &c. *Dut.* You'l wisely entertaine it.

*Bo.* You'l wisely, &c.

*Dut.* All errors be forgot, meete me this evening

*Bo.* All errors, &c.

*Dut.* I'th privie Garden, and receive more testimony.

*Bo.* I'th privie garden, &c. (marry you.

*Dut.* Meane time heere is my hand, that in the morning I'll

*Bo.* Meane time, &c. — What a divell does she meane?

I ha' done, it wants your confirmation — so,

To whom shall I direct it?

*Dut.* You will be truffle, there's danger else.

*Bo.* To whom?

*Dut.* To him that loves me best,

Deceive me not farewell. *Exit.*

*Bo.* I love you Sir, &c. tis a letter, and I wrote it,

To whom, to him that loves her best, if none love her better,

Tis to my selfe? Why am I so scrupulous?

She has made me Chancellor in the cause,

There's noe particular nam'd, yet she was angry,

Yet she was pleas'd agen, and had my crime

Beene greater, she had met it charitably.

Come I perceive the whole device as sure

As



*The Opportunitie.*

As I have any sense, she does affect me,  
And tries me at the last weapon of wit  
How Ile behave my selfe, are you there Dutchesse,  
She is my owne, and this invites me to  
The close of all my happinesse, if I  
Forfeit this opportunitie, let *Midus*  
Transplant his goodly eares to this dull head,  
And let all women laugh at me, my starres  
I bow to you, and kisse your influence,  
I am exalted to your spheare already,  
Where, with the Dutchesse I will sit and shine  
A constellation. *Enter Ferrara.*

*Fer.* Yare well met Sir,  
*Borgia* I take it.

*Bor.* You may change that name.  
And call me servant.

*Fer.* You have prostrate language,  
But carry treason in your heart, you know me?

*Bo.* Duke of *Ferrara*.

*Fer.* So, was't your plot to bring  
That puppet to affront me 'fore the Dutchesse?  
Was there noe other name to be usurp'd,  
Dishonor'd, and prophand by hounds and monkees  
But mine?

*Bo.* I understand you not, your anger  
Is not directed right my Lord, I am not  
Guiltie in thought.

*Fer.* Your feares shall not excuse.

*Bo.* You are abus'd. *Fer.* I know I am Sir, and  
Will print revenge upon your heart, 'shall carry  
The character of a villaine.

*Bo.* I must tell you Duke. *Fer.* What Sir?

*Bo.* Were you master of the world,  
Could you shoot death beyond a Basiliske,  
Or had you mischief in your breath above  
The *Lernean* vapours, or the killing steame  
Of the hot lake that poysons innocent Birds.  
But daring to flie over, I would rise

*The Opportunitie.*

With as much confidence to scorne this calumnie  
As I would quench my thirst, or chide my Groome  
The drudges for me, Duke I am no villaine,  
And tho my blood runnes not so deepe a purple  
There's no corruption in the chapest veine  
My Liver feeds, 'tis cleare and honest fir,  
In thy owne Court Ile meet and tell thee so  
Manger thy guards, and gawdy Butter-flies,  
I dare, by innocence, I dare. *Fer.* You thinke  
The place protects you now.

*Bo.* Were it in a Church  
No drop of mine could staine it, Duke I cannot  
Feare and be master of a sword, that needs  
No valour in a cause so just as mine  
To stirre the point, by all my hopes.

*Fer.* Thy hopes,  
Of what reversion? what Groomes place is vacant?

*Bo.* Come tis not done becomingly  
To insult because you have a priviledge  
Of Duke above you, I am here a servant  
To a most gracious Princesse.

*Fer.* At that name I drew  
New flame, and should I credit thy soule free  
From this dishonour, thou hast sinne enough  
In thy ambition to pull ruine on thee,  
Are we too fit to be in competition Sir?  
Hast thou a thought so proud, so daring in thee  
To be my rivall? Have I courred her  
To her owne height, a Prince? and shall her vassall  
Looke on her with an eye, lesse then serves  
The Altar with, because she is pleas'd some time  
To laugh, and seeme indulgent to your services  
For her owne sake, can you have braine to thinke  
Such treason to her judgement, that she loves you?  
Or can she be so lost to truth and honour  
Not to make good her promises to me  
Religious as a contract, has she not  
Declar'd me worthy of her, and my love

The

*The Opportuniste.*

The best of all the world. *Bo.* How was that Sir?

*Fer.* The best of all the world, is not that  
Can be so poore in my esteeme of her  
Whose mention is sacred, or my selfe  
That I have any jealousie thou canst  
Inherit possibly the hundredth part  
Of any thought that points upon affection  
Hast thou no soule to apprehend thy scorne?  
Nay did she not, fearing thou might'st grow insolent  
Vpon her favours late declare herselfe,  
It was not love but mirth and wantonnesse  
Of revelling nights, commanding on thy life  
Thou feede no ambition higher, or feede a thought  
To her, beyond what waited upon dutie  
You may remember this. *Bo.* Tis cleare, this none  
Could tell him but her selfe, I finde too plaine  
Who is the may-game of the Court, this last  
Convinces me, your pardon mightie Sir  
You love the Dutchesse.

*Fer.* Best she will acknowledge  
Of all mankind.

*Bo.* I have a letter to you,  
I will not doubt my pardon when you reade it,  
Tis to you Sir if there can bee a joy beyond what's there con-

*Fer.* Ha? I am blest,  
*Borgia* let me embrace thee my best friend  
Dwell in my heart, divide with me *Ferrara*  
Or *Urbino*, any thing but the Dutchesse, say  
Ile meet her in the Garden were it walled  
With flaming Dragons, I have not a soule  
Spacious enough to entertaine this happinesse  
Beyond my hope, above my life deare *Borgia.* *Exit.*

*Bo.* Beyond his hope? it seemes this joy was not  
Expected umph, and I had no commission  
To give it him, after all this if shee  
Meant it not this way, I ha' made fine worke,  
She might ha' namd him, wud I had the paper  
Agen, now doe I prophesie I have

Vndone



*The Opportunitie.*

Vndone my selfe, and onely her grace meant  
That I should meet her, curse upon my easinesse;  
I have lost an opportunitie, no fate  
Flattered a mortall with the like, dull braines,  
There's yet prevention, *genius* I thanke thee,  
Tis possible I may secure the Garden  
And boldly meet her first, if any destinie  
Owe me this blessing with this art I may  
Redeeme my folly, never man but I  
Wud lose so rich an opportunitie. *Exit.*

*Enter Quinius.*

*Enter Dutchesse, Mercutio, Ladies.*

*Mer.* **M** Adam I know not what to say, my heart  
Is full of heartie zeale to obey you, but the place  
You have confer'd upon my yeares, is much  
Above my strength to satisfie, yet I thanke you.

*Dut.* You have deserv'd we should encourage you  
For what is past, your sonne is full of hope  
And may grow up a statesman.

*Mer.* He owes all

To your infinite favors Madam, a young man,  
And would be active upon your commands.

*Dut.* Leave us, stay my Lord we must employ you.

*Mer.* I have not life enough to serve you Madam,  
My age is now a burthen, that I could  
Shake off a score of winters. *Dut.* There's no such  
Necessitie of youth to execute

The service you designe, you love your sonne.

*Mer.* Above my owne health Madam, and let me  
Be bold to tell your grace, I love him better  
For your sake. *Dut.* For our sake.

*Mer.* That he can carry  
Himselfe so handsomely to deserve your good  
Opinion, every Courtier that's advanc'd  
To a warme place, does not behave himselfe  
Always to purpose.

*Dut.*

*The Opportunitie,*

*Dut.* To what purpose Signior?

*Mer.* To please his Mistress, and I am, I must  
Confesse proud of his expectations,  
It makes my blood dance Madam.

*Dut.* You are very merry.

*Mer.* I hope to have more cause.

*Dut.* Well Sir, while you  
Retire into the Garden, be it your care  
We be not interrupted, give access  
To none but *Borgia*, we have some privacies  
Onely concerne his knowledge.

*Mer.* My sonne *Borgia*.

*Dut.* Your sonne, if you doe call him *Borgia*.

*Mer.* Shall I goe for him?

*Dut.* Hee'l be so officious  
Perhaps to spare that trouble, if he come  
Be diligent and admit him.

*Mer.* I shall Madam,  
Shee's gone into the Garden, and commands  
I give access to none but *Borgia*;  
If he come, she has given me another office  
To keepe the doore, it has beene a preferment  
I will do't now in spite of my owne humour,  
Ha boy! something will come on, if he have  
The grace to nicke this opportunitie.

*Enter Ferrara.*

*Fer.* The evening waxes a pace, I cannot be  
Too soone at my desires, whoes that?

*Mer.* Hee's come;  
Already *Borgia*.

*Fer.* One stands Centinell,  
Is that the word? who names *Borgia*.

*Mer.* My sonne. *Fer.* The same.

*Mer.* This evening make thee happy, enter, no ceremony  
I am not now against thy being a Duke.  
Prove fortunate my boy, and blesse thy father. *Exit Fer.*  
So, so, if it were noone, and the Sunne look'd  
With his broad brightest eye upon's, there are

*The Opportunity*

Convenient coizing Arbore,   
 On pretty mazes, by which he loves   
 You might be there secure, and entertaine   
 Sweet time, most tall and fast,   
 In whose inclosures, Ladies that are willing   
 May lose themselves, and the Duke will be content   
 Now I thinke out, this Cloyster with the hope   
 Of such an evening might be dark and close   
 For such a turne; many a gentlewoman   
 Has beene content to enter upon worse termes   
 Oh the Court lobbies, but I tell you tales,

*Enter Borgia, My sonne*

Another moving way, by his favour   
 The Gardens taken up. *Bo. This is the best way*   
 To say I am the Duke, that if he follow   
 He may prevent his owne asse.

*Mer. Whiph, umph.*

*Bor.* That name will make the gates fly open to me.   
 And I passe undiscovered.

*Mer.* What are you?

*Bo.* Here doe thy office, I am the Duke.

*Mer.* The Duke

Your grace must pardon me, I am commanded   
 To admit none, her highnesse will enjoy   
 The garden privately.

*Bo.* Lord *Mercutio.*

*Mer.* Your servant, but in this my dutie must   
 Ayme at anothers pleasure, if you be   
 The Duke I cannot helpe it, I am but   
 Greene in my honours, and I would not forfeit   
 With my owne head to boot in her first service.

*Bo.* Then Ile discover I am *Borgia*

Your sonne, your happy *Borgia* be not you   
 The enemy, and barre my glorious fortune,   
 The Dutchesse has commanded me this evening   
 To meete her in the Garden, I can tell   
 Thee wonders old *Mercutio*, she loves me,   
 More I have an assurance from her hand



*The Opportunitie.*

Shée'l malgme Duke old lad.

*Mer.* Be not transported

For if you be my sonne doe you observe

You are yet but *Borgia*, and I your father

Old *Mercutio*, and old lad.

*Bo.* Your pardon Sir,

My joy of such a blisse allows no bound,

Why are you slow to make your sonne the happiest

Of all mankind, the evenings bigge with glory

The winds doe whisper gently whole I am,

The birds with Musicke waite to entertaine me

Into Loves Bower, the Trees bow to my entrance,

And she that is the Mistrisse of all there

Will bid me welcome.

*Mer.* Are you *Borgia*.

*Bo.* There's death in these delays, do not you know me?

Or dare you not beleve what I affirme

Touching the Dutcheffe.

*Mer.* I beleve you are

*Borgia* to my grieve, and doe beleve

What you have said; her grace did appoint me

To waite here, and commanded I should give

Accesse to none but *Borgia* de e marker

She was pleas'd to tell me she had binne the only

Concern'd your knowledge, I dispute not what

But 'tis some excellent affaire I am confident,

She was so merry about the lippes and eyes

And prais'd you to my face.

*Bo.* If this have faith w'ee

Why am not I admitted?

*Mer.* All in good time.

*Bo.* The gates should spread themselves.

*Mer.* They shall not neede, he reach them with lesser trouble

But first I have a suite to you.

*Bo.* To me.

Speake and command it.

*Mer.* 'Tis within mans remembrance

That you did want a pardon, now begge mine.

*The Opportunity.*

And make what other conditions with the Dutchesse  
You please.

*Bo.* Your pardon?

*Mer.* Yes I am parcell Traytor  
Against my will, and too much care about  
My office made me abuse it, I admitted  
Another gentleman, that deceiv'd me with  
Your name, and now her grace may punish me  
Is in my feares, unless you mediate for me.

*Bo.* Did any take my name?

*Mer.* Yes, and at first  
Sound I discharg'd my duty the wrong way  
And let him in.

*Bo.* In? whether?

*Mer.* Into the Dutchesse.

*Bo.* I am undone, this minute, I am blasted!  
It was the Duke upon my life.

*Mer.* The Duke, it may be so, although 'twere darkish  
We thought he carried more compasse with him;  
But why should he take your name?

*Bo.* Lost for ever.

*Mer.* You found I had no zeale to his, how ever  
Lose no more time, your power with her grace  
May set all straight, and purchase me a pardon.

*Bo.* Be rather lost as I am in my dole,  
Thou hast depriv'd me of the wealthiest harvest  
That ever Sunne-beames thin'd on.

*Mer.* Does he thou me?  
How would he domineere and he were Duke.

*Bo.* My fortune bleeds to death, tis now too late  
That paper ruins all my hope, and were  
He could, he would inorne my waite of confidence  
And laugh me out o' th' world.

*Mer.* Hee's very passionate.

*Bo.* But there's no dwelling in this Wildernesse,  
Things past are past sorrow, there is yet  
A way to binde me wound up and secure  
My health, though not a life with so much hate

*The Opportunist.*

As was expected, instantly Ile to  
 Cornelia, I know she loves me still,  
 At worst a little passion bestow'd  
 On her, with clearing I am another brother  
 Makes her my owne, and keeps me from the Pasquill;  
 I shall be jeer'd to dust else, there's my rest.  
 He that loves more then one is seldome blest. *Exit.*

*Mer.* Hee's gone and I am like to suffer for't,  
 By your highnesse favour I will waite no longer  
 To be chastiz'd, but when your grace is weary,  
 You shall not neede to strike me at the doore;  
 Tis open and I vanish in the darke;  
 Stay and Ile send some others to attend you,  
 You will want light, my sonne shall be no Duke  
 I perceive now, nor will I be a Courtier;  
 Put me to keepe the dore?

*Enter Cornelia, Laura, and Melinda.*

*Cor.* Did she dismiss you then?

*Lau.* 'Twas not her pleasure

We should attend.

*Mel.* We left my Lord *Mercutio*  
 Your father with her.

*Cor.* Went she towards the Garden?

*Lau.* Yes, where's your brother *Borgia*?

*Cor.* I know not.

*Mel.* He is infinitely beholding to her grace,  
 She never mentions him without a flourish;  
 I know not, but if I have any skill

In lookes or language, there is something more  
 Then common in her highnesse breath meant toward him.

*Lau.* Shee may be in love.

*Cor.* In love with whom?

*Lau.* Your brother.

*Cor.* I blush to heare your weakenesse. I hope he  
 Hath more wit then to build vaine hopes on't.  
 Eagles stoope not to flies.

*Mel.* But the Wren  
 Couch'd underneath the aspiring Eagles wings.



*The Opportunitie.*

Quickly advance it selfe when to others mounted  
And glories in her hight, tis but a step  
And the small thing is King of birds, the fable  
Has pretty moralls in it.

*Cor.* I am not sure  
A rebell in my nature to his fortune,  
But dare not pawne my owne discretion  
To take up your opinions.

*Enter Pietro:*  
*Pie.* Signior *Pisano* your brothers friend desires  
To speake with you.

*Lau.* Wee'll leave you Madam, by this time her grace  
May want our duties.

*Enter Pisano.*  
*Pis.* Did I fright you Ladies, looke better on me.

*Lau.* We have seene you round Sir.

*Pis.* But doe not know what's in me.

*Mel.* We desire  
To die in that pretious ignorance.

*Exit.*  
*Pis.* This Lady I hope's not of your minde.

*Cor.* Your pleasure

My servant saies you would speake with me?

*Pis.* If you

Remember Lady I was bold to urge

A little counsell on you, how it fastens

I come to understand.

*Cor.* What counsell Sir.

*Pis.* About your brother Signior *Borgia*.

*Cor.* Please you assist my memory.

*Pis.* Why it was

But this, I had a kinde of feare you lov'd

This brother *Marian*.

*Cor.* Would you have me be

So impious not to affect my brother.

*Pis.* But you lov'd him the wrong way, de'e heare lustily

You understand, with the de'me of coupling.

There lies no dispensation for that Locke,

Tis impious and abhominable, you had better

I th' state you are in keepe a Pensioner

To give you heats, a fellow that will venture

His

*The Opportunitie.*

His body at all houres; then to offend once  
With so much sinne to nature.

*Cor.* Doe you thinke  
I am a Monster Signior?

*Pis.* Better marry  
An honest man and make one a great deale:

Your husband may be excus'd i'th progresse  
Besides he may have faults, a negligence

In's visits, or mistaking of his times;  
When you are invited by another Lord

To a banquet, or take physicks, or the aire  
Appointed by your Doctor, there are reasons

To excuse an active Lady that is married  
But to affect your brother so, inexpressible

*Cor.* You have invention enough to furnish  
The Court with vice, how ere you seeme to have

Care of my soule, pray give me pardon Sir,  
Doe you ever meane to marry?

*Pis.* Marry? oh yes;  
*Cor.* Not a Court Lady sure;

*Pis.* One of that tribe to chuse.  
*Cor.* Without the feate

Of being such a monster made by her  
Whose wantonnesse you wittily have charactred

*Pis.* I ha read my destinie, she that I shall marry  
Will be very honest, exceeding chaste as I

Shall be to her, I did but tell you what  
Whirligigs are i'th world, and that i'twere better

And safer for your conscience to be one  
Of Venus order, and keepe tame a Groome

A stallian Dormant then embrace a brother.  
*Cor.* What should incline you

To imagine me so lost to modestie?  
What have you read in me to make you thinke

I love my brother for  
*Pis.* My charitie.

*Cor.* There's little charitie in those suspicions  
Have

*The Opportunist.*

Have you no other argument?

*Pis.* Your brother  
Told me himselfe you lov'd him strangely.

*Cor.* So, so.

*Pis.* Nay, nay he was i'th same pickle.

*Cor.* He told  
You that himselfe too.

*Pis.* Yes, yes, till I tamper'd with him  
And sacrific'd his flesh with ghostly counsell.

Read Law and Lectures, I will tell you Medun  
He was once so overgrowne with love, he had

Resolv'd to tell you he was not your brother,  
And rather then be frustrate of his hopes

Vow'd to forswear it, and suborn testimony  
He was no kin to you, but I know not where

And never saw the tomes for, who se people  
Had all this while cozend themselves with an

Opinion he was *Borgia*; here's a youth now,  
Did he ne're deale with you to such a purpose.

*Cor.* Never, he wud not be so wicked sure.

*Pis.* Did you ever heare the like? you know it now,  
Thanke heaven and a good friend that told you this;

A friend that wud not see this pretty vessell  
Lost i'th quick-sands, when both goods and life

May be his owne another day: I have you  
And none shall doe you wrong.

*Cor.* I should be ingratefull  
Not to acknowledge Sir this noble office

Meant to preserve me,  
*Pis.* That was my pure meaning,

You may requite it if you please.  
*Cor.* With love.

*Pis.* 'Tis the reward my ambition first aymes at.

*Cor.* I love my brother now in his owne place,  
And being his bosome friend I will not question,

But to enlarge my knowledge of your worth  
And take me nearer to me for his Character,

And



*The Opportunitie.*

And free consent.

*Pis.* Vmph, now you bleſſe me Lady,  
If his hopes thrive in the Dutcheſſe as I doubt not  
I am made, Ile ſeeke him out, I wiſh no better  
Teſtimony, he ſhall not gi't you under hand.

*Cor.* No haſte.

*Pis.* He knowes me to a thought, nay, nay  
He ſhall doo't preſently, if I can light on him.

*Cor.* To morrow Signior, I ſuſpect it not.

*Pis.* It does concerne my honour, tis done inſtantly.  
She may be cold e're morning, Ile not loſe  
This opportunitie, I am made for ever.

*Cor.* He has an odde way of Courtſhip, ſure my brother,  
Vnleſſe he know him better then this wildneſſe  
Can promiſe, will be ſparing to contract  
Our hearts too faſt, he has but a rough outside,  
But my ſtrange thoughts within me are corrected,  
And I poſſeſſe my ſelfe againe thanke providence.

*Urſini.*

*Enter Urſini.*

*Urſ.* Madam I am bold to piſſe  
On your retirement, but when you remember  
I bring no mutinous thoughts, but ſuch as are  
Devoted to your ſervice, you will thinke it  
A treſpaſſe that may ſoone invite a pardon.

*Cor.* You muſt firſt praſiſe to offend my Lord,  
This is favour to me.

*Urſ.* Still ſuch goodneſſe  
Flowers from your language to me at the firſt  
Encounter; but when I take boldneſſe to  
Have ſome aſſurance from you alone,  
Which I have hop'd and ſerv'd for, with the truth  
Of your beſt honor, you decline the ſubject,  
Or flie the ſweet concluſion.

*Cor.* My Lord,  
That you have lov'd, at leaſt profeſſ'd ſo much,  
May eaſily be granted, but let me

K

Be-

*The Opportunity.*

Beseech you Sir, did you upon the first  
Motion that wrought upon your minde to thinke  
Me worthy of your love acquaint me with it.

*Urs.* No Madam,  
I long cherish'd the soft fire  
That tryed the purenesse of it, and the object  
That shot so bright a flame into my bosome,  
And had suppress't it still, but that your vertue  
Grew up too powerfull against it, then  
Iooke leave to expresse how much I wish'd  
To be your votary.

*Cor.* Give me equall licence  
My Lord in the same cause to try my selfe,  
I have thoughts too would be compos'd of something  
In you to be examin'd.

*Urs.* I submit,  
And shall obey your censure, life and death  
Hange on your lippe, I come to be determin'd  
Your servant or your sacrifice, for to languish  
At distance thus.

*Cor.* Then you expect an answer  
Presently, I much feare my Lord I cannot,  
In that particular, satisfy your Lordship.

*Urs.* You want no knowledge of me, there is nothing  
In my past fare but may appeare to you  
My nature needs no gloss, my blood, my fortune  
Cleare to your view, my person not much witherd,  
If these together want a charme, I can  
Deserve you may love, for I know well  
The extent of my devotion, and the heart  
That tho' you should despise it must still serve you.

*Cor.* But good my Lord what answer you to this  
Is it becomming the discretion  
Of a noble servant to persue his mistress  
By unruly wayes, and interpose commands  
And power of great ones to enforce the heart  
Of any Lady: though I must confesse

Her

*The Opportunitie.*

Her grace may challenge my obedience  
To her law and person, it has beene yet a rule,  
And love and religion cannot be compeld

*Urf.* You doe not conclude me, if I obtain'd  
A favour from the Dutchesse to propound  
My wishes, and plead for me, I know well  
The soule is not her subject, could her power  
Bestow your body on me, and that I  
Could boast my selfe Lord of beaution's frame  
Without your minde, I were more tyrant to  
Accept then she to force, and answer for  
A crime more fatall then the ravishers.

*Enter Pietro.*

*Pie.* Your brother Madam.

*Cor.* If I have any power  
My Lord you must not leave me, yet I would  
Entreate your small retreat behind the hangings  
For a few minuts.

*Urf.* Your command's a favour.

*Enter Borgia.*

*Bo.* Oh Cornelia.

*Cor.* What's the matter brother.

*Bo.* Are you alone.

*Cor.* You see my company.

*Bo.* De'e love me.

*Cor.* Love you brother, what have I  
Done to beget your doubt.

*Bo.* But doe you love me  
More then a sister? if I were not Borgia,  
Remove from us the common tie of blood  
Which is not love, but forc'd of nature in us,  
Could you affect me then, then if I answerd  
This honour with a true and noble flame  
Vpon such brave conditions, *Cornelia*  
Could our hearts meete and marry?

*Cor.* This were strange,  
But not so strange that we should love.



*The Opportunitie*

**Bo.** Then pardon  
Fairest *Cornelia*, and make him blest  
Whose very soule doesse on thee, I have but  
Ysurp'd the name of *Borgia*, I can give  
Thee prooffe.

**Cor.** 'Tis come about.

*Enter Pisauro.*

**Bo.** *Pisauro* welcome  
The man of all mankind, most wished for welcome  
Madam this gentleman can witness I am  
None of your brother, we were bred together,  
Both borne in *Millan*, and my name is  
*Aurelio Androzzi* sonne to *Paulo*  
*Androzzi* major *domo* to the Dukedome,  
My friend too of a noble family.

**Pis.** Did not I tell you this.

**Bo.** Weary of home

We both engag'd our selves to try our fortune  
Abroad, and for the warres had last design'd  
Our selves, we tooke but *Urbis* in the way,  
Where some good starres detain'd us, and I taken  
For *Borgia* pursu'd, thus farre the story.

**Cor.** Ha, ha, ha.

**Bo.** De'e laugh at me, *Pisauro* shee's incredulous  
Speake and convince her with thy testimony.

**Pis.** I have told enough already.

**Bo.** She wants faith.

**Cor.** That gentleman prepar'd me for this history  
Doe you not blush brother? Sir I thank you.

**Pis.** I am sorry for his impudence.

**Bo.** *Cornelia*,

*Pisauro* Why art thou silent?

**Pis.** I tell you I did speake to her.

**Cor.** 'Tis time I then dispose my selfe.

**Pis.** Now my happineffe.

**Cor.** My Lord I pray come forth.

*Enter*

*The Opportuniste.*

*Enter Ursini.*

You Gentlemen by your owne confessions  
Are strangers to me, and altho I doe not  
Distrust heavens providence, I shall not sinne  
To give my freedome up where I am knowne;  
My Lord if you accept *Cornelia*  
Shee's thus confirm'd your owne.

*Urs.* With greater joy  
Then I would take an Empire, this drops peace  
Vpon my brothers ashes, and unites  
For ever our two families.

*Pis.* Where's the Dutcheffe?

*Bo.* I prithee doe not vex me.

*Pis.* Doe not vex  
Thy selfe, come wee're at large, our confinement  
Would ha' beene troubled with a wife, we have  
The world before us, store of game is necessary,  
The Dutcheffe.

*Enter Dutcheffe, Ferrara, Pietro, Iulio, Lucia*

*Laura Melinda.*

*Dut.* You now possesse us freely, the next morning  
Shall spread this joy through *Urbini*.

*Urs.* We are happy  
And every heart congratulates.

*Fer.* We thanke you  
Signior *Ursini*, you have beene faithfull to us.

*Dut.* Is your name *Borgia*?

*Bo.* No Madam,

*Dut.* Where's our letter?  
We did not thinke y'ad beene so apprehensive,  
You see it now confirm'd, we hope you had  
No thought we meant it otherwise, be prudent  
And carefull in your province, heaven I see  
Wud have it thus, and rectifie our folly.

*Enter Mercutio.*

*Mer.* Your pardon gracious Madam.

*Dut.* Signior,  
We thanke your diligence, possesse our favour.

*The Opportunitie.*

And know the Duke.

*Mer.* I am one of the worst keepers of a dore,

*Dut.* No more, all's well.

*Mer.* I'me glad ont.

*Urs.* Sir your blessing.

*Cor.* Madam your smiles upon us and we cannot  
Despaire of happinesse.

*Mer.* But where's *Borgia*?

*Bo.* I know not Sir.

*Fer.* Rise ever fortunate.

*Pimponio within.* Oyes, oyes.

*Dut.* What's the matter?

*Lu.* A foole has lost his master, and thus cries him  
About the Court,

*Pis.* *Pimponio* a my conscience

*Pim* Oyes,

If any man there be

In towne or in countree

Can tell me of a wight.

Was lost but yester night.

His name was I know

Signior *Aurelio*,

By these markes he is knowne,

He had a bush of his owne,

Two eyes in their place

And a nose on his face,

His beard is very thinne

But no haire on his chinne,

Bring word to the cryer

His desolate squire,

And for this fine feate

Take what you can get;

And heaven bleffe *Pimponio*, for no body knownes me

And I know no body else to pray for.

*Cor.* Hee's not my brother indeed then.

*Mer.* Nor my sonne.

*Pis.* 'Tis too true Maddam, here, here's thy master

My



*The Opportunitie.*

*Pim.* No, no, that's Signior *Borgia*, doe not deceive your selfe

*Bo.* We are both deceiv'd *Pimponio* shall I hope  
Of your free pardon Madam for all trespasses?  
My Lord your breath is powerfull.

*Dut.* Rise *Aurelio*.

*Fer.* And bedeaere to us.

*Mer.* I hope the pardon's firme.

*Dut.* Irrevocable.

*Mer.* Ile dispatch letters then to *Naples*, thence  
He did salute me last, how were we cosend!  
But Sir I thanke you for my *Borgias* pardon.

*Cor.* Although it be cleare now y' are not my brother  
Pray take my poore acknowledgement, I shall  
Be proud for your sake, to preserve your friendship.

*Bor.* May your hopes prosper in him; now we two  
With licence of your excellence may  
Prosecute our designe agen for the warres.

*Dut.* If nothing else at Court invite your stay  
We lay commands upon you as our servant  
That you see all our ceremonies finish'd,  
To celebrate this happy union  
You must be both our guests.

*Pim.* Doe let us feast  
And fortifie our selves, we shall have  
Our bellies full of fighting time enough.

*Pis.* Thinkes your grace so?

*Dut.* Subjects may love as their rude sense imparts,  
But heaven doth onely governe Princes hearts.

*FINIS.*